

M A D R I G A L

A N D

T R U L L E T T A.

A

M O C K - T R A G E D Y.

A C T E D

(Under the Direction of Mr. C I B B E R.)

A T T H E

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

W I T H

N O T E S by the A U T H O R, and
D r . H U M B U G , Critick and Cenfor-General.

By J. R E E D. *K*

Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme. M I L T O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. R E E V E , at *Shakeſpear's Head,*
Fleet-Street. 1758.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



P R E F A C E.

AS I am under a necessity of giving a preface to the following work, I shall, in the language of our immortal countryman, *imitate the ROMANS in brevity, as brevity is the soul of wit*; and not be so studious of the necessary ornaments of stile, as of relating FACTS, with the unbiass'd integrity of a faithful and impartial historian. This I have thought fit to premise, that the reader may not imagine he is running over a jumble of *facts and fiction*; since it is but too common, with modern authors of the poetical cast, to lard their prefaces with a set of *ingenious flourishes*, which carry a greater air of rhodomontade than truth.

The following tragedy was originally written in *Italian*, by the celebrated Signior FUNIDOSO DELL'ARUNDO, formerly a rope-maker in *Civita Vecchia*; from which place he prudently retir'd, to avoid the addresses of the lady INQUISITION, who had a strange hankering after his person, on account of his libertinism in religion; for, though a *Catholic* in appearance, he was a *Luthecan* at heart. In the year 1751 he arrived in *London*, with that theatrical family of *Italians*, who gave the town such exquisite pleasure, in the performance of several incomparable *burlettas*, all, or most of which, are said (with what truth I will not venture to ascertain, as I am writing a narrative of FACTS) to be the production of our *hempen genius*.

In the following year, which the reader, without my chronological assistance, will be able to discover to be the year 1752, Signior DELL'ARUNDO took shipping for *Newcastle*, with an intention of residing in that part of the world, on account of the cheapness of the necessaries of life, and accordingly settled in a sea port about thirty miles to the southward of that place. He had not been many months in his new residence, till he married a widow, who was somewhat past the *heyday of her blood*; or, to speak less poetically, pretty well stricken in years; and before he had been a dozen moons in his alter'd state, to his great affliction, he lost his lady. I might here, according to the usual prolixity of historians, take up my reader's time, by telling him of what distemper the *Signiora* departed this life; but, as I don't intend to clog my narrative with *useless matters*, I shall be totally silent on the occasion: nay, I am so great a lover of conciseness in history, that I shall not even so far intrude on my candid reader's leisure, as to inform him that the lady died of a fit of the cholick.

As our *Italian phenomenon* was a great admirer of poetry, it is no wonder, after he had acquir'd a competent knowledge of the *British* language, that he receiv'd so sensible a pleasure from the perusal of the *English* poets. He was so captivated with the *masterly style and expression* of our dramatic authors (especially the more modern

dern ones) that he resolv'd to collect the principal beauties in our language, and throw them into a tragedy, form'd on the *British* plan, in his native tongue; which he at length so happily executed, that his performance will undoubtedly be an honour to literature in general, and to the *Italian* language in particular.

In *October* 1756, our celebrated foreigner departed this life; and, according to the phrase of our diurnal scribblers, *universally lamented by all his acquaintance*; and as a perpetual monument of the friendship, which had long existed between us, left his valuable performance to my care, in the following words contain'd in the body of his last will and testament.

*Item, I give and devise to my most dear friend, brother bard, and brother rope-maker, JOSEPH REED, late of STOCKTON aforesaid, now of KING DAVID'S FORT, near Sun-Tavern-Fields, London, all and singular my piece, production, performance, drama, or tragedy, called MADRIGAL and *TROLLETTA, with the prologue, epilogue, airs, odes, dirges, and all appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining; to be translated, alter'd, imitated, and made fit for the English, or other stage, by him the said JOSEPH REED. I also will and require that the profits, arising from the publication, or theatrical exhibition of the said tragedy, be applied and issued to, and for the sole use, interest, behalf, advantage, and emolument of him the said JOSEPH REED, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns; only willing and requiring of him the said JOSEPH REED, after such translation, alteration, or imitation is compleated, that the original at the sole expence of the said JOSEPH REED, may be sent to the Vatican library at Rome, to be there preserv'd as a perpetual monument of my dramatic genius.*

I have given this extract to prove my legal title to the Piece; for I must confess, notwithstanding that clause in the *bard's MAGNA CHARTA*, call'd *poetica licentia*, I think it little less than downright robbery, to raise any considerable sum from the translation, or alteration of the works of an *exotic* brother, unless such brother, or his descendents, be admitted to go snacks in the profits. I could wish that Mr. POPE had been of my opinion in this particular, but am sorry to tell the world he *was not*, which I think no small blemish in his character. It is universally known this great, tho' little man, pocketed *some thousands* by his translation of the works of MEONIDAS HOMER, Esq; one of the *fine old Grecians*; yet I could never learn (though I have made very strict enquiry) that he had the gratitude or good manners, to send even a bill of exchange, or bank note of a cool hundred, to any of Mr. HOMER's lineal descendents. I am aware that some of Mr. POPE's advocates will be ready to bellow out, *Zounds! the fellow's mad! Where the devil could he find such descendents?* — But pray, gentlemen, why did not your admir'd little friend advertise in all the public papers in *Europe*, and *Asia*, to effect such discovery? Instead of this,

* See Note 1. in the First Act.

P R E F A C E.

v

this, I could never find he advertis'd at all.—Had he but even issued out a notice to that purpose in our *Daily Advertiser* only, I make no doubt but he would have had, within eight and forty hours of the publication, one or more claimants, who would have proved their lineal descent *upon oath*, which I think is as much satisfaction, as any reasonable person, who is not a downright infidel, would require. — But to return to my subject.

If it be plagiarism, without benefit of clergy, to borrow a few lines from a native author, it is certainly as criminal to steal whole plays from a foreigner. — When I reflect on the prevalence of this iniquitous practice, I am ready to fall down on my *marrow-bones*, to return my humble and hearty thanks to goddess NATURE, for so kindly disqualifying me for the perpetration of such offence, by giving me the knowledge of *one language only* — The filching of plays, under cover of translation, heaven knows, is a crime of no short standing — Nay, some of our countrymen have carried their villainy to a yet greater height, and stole plays with little or no alteration at all. Among these abandon'd plagiaries, I am told, was AARON HILL, Esq; of *turgid, altering, and translating memory*. I have heard a report of his *borrowing* the tragedy of ZARA; and, as the story is in few hands, I shall, by way of secret, give it to my readers; at the same time most earnestly conjuring and requiring my said readers that it *may go no further*; for I would not be known to propagate any rumour, to the disadvantage of an author, for whose memory I have so profound a veneration.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and —— I have forgot what — Mr. THOMAS HUDSON, then an usher to a grammar-school at *Durham*, now a clergyman in *Northumberland*, translated Mons. VOLTAIRE's *Zaire*. On sending such translation to *London*, for the perusal and examination of some connoisseur in drama, it unfortunately fell into the hands of a considerable dealer in hats: this *beaverite* having a more delicate taste in the *outside*, than *inside* ornaments of a *head*, gave the piece to a friend for such examination; by means of which friend poor Miss Zara fell into the hands of the aforesaid poetical ravisher, AARON, who

Crop'd this fair rose, and risled all its sweetness,

Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away. Otway's Orph. that is, in plain prose, pilfer'd the copy; and, the better to conceal the theft, gave out that *the piece was absolutely unfit for the stage*; but, notwithstanding such insinuation, in that, or the following season, Miss Zara was thrown upon the town, and receiv'd with universal applause. It is true the play, in the *strictest sense*, could not be HUDSON's, as HILL had misplac'd a *single scene*, and made the *considerable* alteration of *fifty lines or upwards*, by which the property (according to modern authors' latitudinarian notions of *meum* and *tuum*) undoubtedly became his own.—The above anecdote I had from Mr. HUDSON; wherefore if brother AARON's

ghost

ghost know it to be a fib, I humbly desire the said ghost to take a trip into the *north*, and confront the sermonizer. I shall not pretend to ascertain the truth of this charge, but only offer, as my private opinion, *on the side of the church*, that the stiles of the *English Zara and Merope*, (both the same author's in *French*) are almost as different, as those of *Jane Shore and Irene*.

After this digression, I shall lay before the public my embarrassments concerning this tragedy. Signior DELL'ARUNDO had unfortunately forgot, that his *most dear friend* understood no human language but that of his mother tongue: however, that no pains might be wanting, on my side, to do as much honour as I could to the production of my deceased brother, I got one of the *Opera-Translators* to give me the piece in *English*; but alas! the version was *so very sublime*, that I could not possibly understand any three lines of it together. After this I employ'd my friend, PETER RONE, professor of languages, to give me a literal translation, which answer'd my purpose so well, that I was able to trace many of the beauties, our foreigner had borrow'd from the *English* playwrights. Where the context would allow, I have given the many *striking* passages in the very drefs of the respective authors, from whom they were undoubtedly borrow'd: where the text would not allow me such passages in the very words, I have by parody, or imitation, kept as near the *sublime originals* as I possibly could.

Signior DELL'ARUNDO, in a codicil to his will, hath also left me, subject to the aforesaid conditions, the farther legacy of three plays, viz. one Comedy and two Tragedies, called the *Contrast*, the *Distress'd Princess*, and the *Distress'd Wife*. The Comedy is thought to be a tolerable piece; but as to the Tragedies, I must own I think them greatly inferior to the following work. They have no *triumphal entries*, ROMAN *ovations*, *sacrifices*, *dirges*, *processions*, *ghosts*, *drums*, *trumpets*, *thunder*, *lightning*, *battles*, *miraculous revolutions* (so necessary, according to Mr. BAYES's rule, to *ELEVATE* and *SURPRIZE*) or any of that *sublime rant*, which may be call'd the very foul of modern tragedy. In short, they have nothing but nature, propriety, and simplicity of fable and diction to recommend them. I have been advis'd to lard them plentifully with the above *tragic artillery*; but, so deprav'd is my taste, that I cannot listen to such innovation: I rather chuse to wait till *nature* and *common sense* come into play again on the *British* stage. In the mean time, if the town have a desire to see the theatrical exhibition of the said pieces; and the said town can or will raise me a patron, that hath influence sufficient to procure their representation, *one*, or *more* of the said pieces shall be at the service of the public in the ensuing season.

That nothing might be wanting to render the following production as entertaining as possible, I have prevailed on my learned and ingenious friend, Dr. HUMBUG, to assist me in writing annotations to the piece.

I can

P R E F A C E.

vii

I can hardly conclude this preface, without an intimation of the excellency of Mr. DAVIS in the character of BUCKRAMO. I hope his *voice, figure and abilities for the stage* will, in the ensuing season, intitle him to the regard of the Public on a PATENT THEATRE.

P R O L O G U E.

YE awful censors of the tragic scene,
 Who come, from principle of *fun* or *spleen*,
 To rob the bard of fame and profit too,
 (Rob him of that, which not enriches you, (1)
 And make him *poor* indeed) for this *one* night
 Forgo the pleasantry of *damning spite*.
 (2) Our author shuns, in scenes of sound and show,
 To move by *buckram* springs of royal woe;
 Where *struts*, and *starts*, and *twists*, and *lungs* supply
 The want of nature, sense, and energy.
 He casts his drama in life's *humbler* sphere;
 That the *small vulgar*, with the *great*, may share
 The mournful pen'orths of his tragic ware.

No hackney'd tale or plan, our bard would chuse
 For the sad subject of his *melting* muse:
 Hoping from *novelty* to draw renown
 (For *novelty's* the darling of the town)
 His many *moving* incidents are ta'en,
 From whence? *The book and volume of his brain*. (3)

Our bard — (he hopes without offence) presumes
 To deck his *mimic play* with borrow'd plumes.
 Whene'er the nature of his subject brought
 A *known* similitude of tragic thought,
 He snatch'd the sentiment *already* penn'd,
 Afraid to *alter* what he could not *mend*.
 Then to his motley scenes give patient ear,
 Each line with caution scan, with candour hear;
 Your kind compassion with your judgment blend,
 (4) Least, in attacking him, you wound a *friend*.

(1) *Otello*. (2) *Prologue to Cato*. (3) *Hamlet*. (4) *Prologue to the Drummer*.

Besides the errors in the pointing, please to correct as follows.

In Note 9. p. 3. after emitting add the explanation of. p. 15. l. 12. for *bum'd* read *bumm'd*. p. 18. for *curs'd* read *curst*. p. 18. l. 16. in the notes, for *akes* read *aches*. p. 19. note 25. for *tipperanian* read *tipperarian*. p. 28. l. 11. in the notes, for *are* read *is*. p. 30. l. 22. in the notes, for *honours* read *honour*. p. 41. l. 7. for *gods* read *a god*. In some of the copies, p. 34. l. 21. for *(bell sounds that dreadful knell)* read *(bells sounds)* that dreadful knell. p. 30. l. 16. for *a street* read *the street*. p. 48. l. 1 and 2. for *Guelderstern* read *Guildenstern*.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MADRIGAL, a Bard,	
BUCKRAMO, a Taylor,	Mr. DAVIS. }
STRAPADA, a Cobler,	Mr. BLAKEY. }
Ghost of CABBAGINO.	
LYRIC,	} Chiefs of MADRIGAL's Party.
ACROSTIC,	
FUSTIANO,	
EPIGRAM,	
GOOSINO,	} Chiefs of BUCKRAMO's Party.
BODKINDA,	
PRESSBOARDALIO,	
YARDWANDELLI,	
BUTTONELLI,	} Pages to TRULLETTA.
THIMBLETONIO	

W O M E N.

TRULLETTA, a Taylor's Daughter.
SCULLIONA, her Confident.
SCOURELLA, a Chair-Woman.

Poets, Taylors, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder,
Lightening, Processions, &c.

SCENE; *St. Giles's and West-Smithfield.*

* As these two were the only persons, who receiv'd the applause of the publick, it is unnecessary to add the names of the other performers.

[1]

M A D R I G A L

A N D

T R U L L E T T A.

A M O C K - T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Garret.

BUCKRAMO, STRAPADA (*embracing.*)

BUCKRAMO.

² **T**HANKS to all-bounteous fate, whose index
hand
Hath pointed out STRAPADA for my friend!

The

¹ In the original it is *Madrigal* and *Trolleta*. As sound may be reckon'd among the primary beauties of the *Italian* drama, I am almost persuaded our author fix'd on TROLLETTA, to render the name of his heroine more musical and harmonious. A *British* author should prefer sense to sound; wherefore I have, by the alteration of a single letter, made it *Trulletta*; the force, the significancy, and the propriety of which name, will be obvious to the most illiterate *English* reader. I wish, for the honour of my country, the preference of sound to sense were confin'd to ITALY only. We have melancholy instances in some of our modern tragedies, that such infection hath reach'd even the *British* climate.

² In the first six lines of this tragedy, our author seems to have had his eye on the beginning of the 3d act of *Cato*, viz.

*Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, e'er I could find a friend*

B

Nature

The moments sure were white and lucky all,³
 When by the sleeve informing instinct pluck'd
 BUCKRAMO's soul, and cried, "BUCKRAMO, lift!
 "BUCKRAMO, take STRAPADA to thy heart ——
 Happy BUCKRAMO! Thrice more happy far
⁴ Than whisker'd Turk, who on Elysian plains
 Satiates his fancy with immortal nymphs;
 Or half-starv'd 'prentice; whose supplying purse
 Can gratify, when tiresome shop is shut,
⁵ With tripe, or sausages, his craving maw ——
⁶ But oh, STRAPADA! oh! my friend, amid
 This flow of joy, BUCKRAMO's soul is pierc'd,
 As with a paring knife, or bodkin sharp.

Strap.

*Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
 And early taught me, by her secret force,
 To love thy person, e'er I knew thy merit;
 Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.*

Which lines, tho' extremely beautiful, are far short of the sublimity of our author.

Instead of *thanking his stars*, which is the hackney'd phrase of every mechanic, and *nature pointing out*, he puts into BUCKRAMO's mouth,

*Thanks to all-bounteous fate, whose index hand
 Hath pointed out, &c.*

which undoubtedly is more pompous and sublime. Not to mention any thing of *white moments*, *informing instinct plucking a soul by the sleeve*, and other beauties in this passage; it will be sufficiently apparent to a reader of even ordinary sagacity, how much our author has improved on Mr. ADDISON. Dr. HUMBUG.

³ *A better order of succeeding days*

Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all. Fair Penitent.

⁴ The beauty, elegance, and the propriety of this, and the following simile, are scarce to be equalled in any language.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁵ A punning critick of my acquaintance, to whom I lately shew'd this tragedy, made the following remark; *Tripe is partly deriv'd from guts; wherefore your Italian friend hath given the world a proof he had some guts in his brains, when he hit upon this simile.*

⁶ A figure of such universal use among tragic writers, that if I were to give all the examples, which have occur'd to me in the perusal of *English* tragedy, they would make as large a folio, as any of the ancient fathers.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Strap. O ye immortal powers! that guard the just,⁷
And govern all contingences below;
With careful watch beset BUCKRAMO's soul,
And keep, for ever keep it free from woe!
What is it that torments STRAPADA's friend?
⁸ Hath Put, or Cribbige, with insatiate sweep,
Of all thy coin despoil'd thee, left thee bare
And pennyless? or *salamander* nymph,
Inhabitant of DRURY, from thy fob,
With faithless palm, decoy'd thy gutless watch?
Or infidel retailer of INTIRE⁹
Denied a morning draught of purl on tick?
Say why is this? speak, speak, I charge thee
speak.¹⁰

Buck. Yes I will speak; will to STRAPADA tell
The latent secrets of my inmost soul —

Know

⁷ O ye immortal powers that guard the just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose!

Cato.

⁸ Two games well known to gamblers—The reader may observe, in this definition, that I have imitated the manner of the ingenious N. BAILEY, Philologos. A specimen of this judicious author's abilities may be seen in his explication of the word thunder, which he defines, "*A noise known by persons not deaf.*"

⁹ I cannot, in this place, forbear taking notice of the negligence of our dictionary-mongers, in omitting the word INTIRE; or, as it is frequently written, ENTIRE, in the sense I have now used it. I am persuaded they cannot plead the obsolescence of the word, since there are so many *signal* instances of the use and propriety of it, in and about this metropolis. For want of such previous explanation, I am not ashamed to own, that I was led into a very great error in regard to the true meaning of the word, when I first came to London. On seeing *Parsons Intire* at the bottom of a sign, I took it for a laconic advertisement; That intire or finish'd clergymen might be hired, or heard of at that place — This mistake of mine I have thought proper to mention, that the future publishers of dictionaries may not slip over the explanation of a word of such consequence.

¹⁰ Speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

Hamlet.

If our author had not visibly borrow'd this expression, I should scarce have imagin'd the preceding part of the speech was intended as an imitation of *Horatio's* beautiful address to the ghost.

Know then—but by the sacred ties of friendship; ¹¹
 By all the spangled train of glitt'ring stars;
 By my grim father's shade, who pendent died ¹²
 On gallow tree, I charge thee keep it lock'd
 From mortal cognisance, from human ear,
 An alien—yes, STRAPADA—wouldst thou think it?
 I am—yes, by the Gods, I am in love.

Strap. Ye heavenly powers, in love! astonishment
 On my corporeal faculties hath made
 Sudden arrest—unsay it, and I'm happy——
 Thy head, with melancholly shake, confirms
 The doleful truth—ah! what a falling off ¹³
 Is here—in love! O lost, undone BUCKRAMO!
 But say; what witching nymph with magic glance
 Hath stung BUCKRAMO's soul?

Buck. What if it were
 TRULLETTA—wouldst thou disapprove the choice?

Strap. ¹⁴ By JOVE's imperial bird, not I, not I.
¹⁵ For should the *Wandering Jew*, with restless search,
 Rumage

¹¹ A solemn conjuration to secrecy, and of equal importance
 to the secret about to be revealed—there are so many resem-
 blances of this speech in our dramatic writers, that I hardly
 know from which of them our *Italian* hath borrow'd.

¹² That no future critick may plume himself with the dis-
 covery of a blunder, I have thought proper to inform my rea-
 ders, it was not the father's shade, but the father himself,

who pendent died

On gallow tree.

¹³ Oh! Hamlet, *what a falling off was there!* Hamlet.

¹⁴ A very imperial, but *foolish* oath, reply'd the punning cri-
 tick.

¹⁵ The simplicity, beauty, and propriety of this thought can-
 not be sufficiently admired. Some criticks may possibly disbe-
 lieve the story of the *wand'ring Jew*; but that does not at all
 affect our author in the choice of this image, since fiction, as
 well as fact, is allowable in poetry. Our Bard liv'd in a coun-
 try where tradition had greater weight, than in this infidel island.
 But that our author may not be suppos'd to have taken this
 image from tradition only, I can assure the world I have seen
 several editions of the history of this remarkable traveller, and
 could produce a hundred gentlemen of veracity to attest the

Rumage this ball of earth from east to west,
From south to north, thro' all its different climes,
He could not find a fairer, lovelier she.

¹⁶ No splendent pewter from the scourer's hand
Comes half so bright — shea's beauty might en-
snare ¹⁷

A miser's soul, and make him leave his bags
At random, to be scuffled for by th' Mob.
So radiant is her form, so more than mortal,
That if perfection were with her compar'd,
¹⁸ 'Twould seem imperfect.

Buck. Hold thy lavish tongue,
Or jealousy will mad my raging soul.

like; and as none of our criticks have yet shewn the falsity of
such history, it is to me a sufficient proof that there was, is,
and must be such a person as the *wand'ring Jew*.

A certain modern author hath intimated the image is too low
for the dignity of tragedy, and advised the following alteration,
viz.

For sure the sun, in his diurnal round,

Nor moon, nor stars, e'er saw a form so fair —

but I would ask the judicious reader, whether, according to our
present knowledge of the heavenly bodies, it would not be
downright nonsense to talk of the sun, moon, or stars *seeing a*
form so fair. Several dramatic authors make no scruple of as-
firming these bodies are capable of vision, and among the rest
the ingenious Mr. ROWE; who says,

————— *if only*

The midnight moon, and silent stars had seen it. Fair Penitent.
but unless Mr. ROWE means the man in the moon, or the sup-
posed inhabitants of the starry orbs *seeing it*, he must mean no-
thing at all. Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁶ Our author seems to have drawn this beautiful image from
the *French-English* song of

Sweet a prittee Bettee, den de moon brighter,

Or scow'r powder, or silver spoon.

¹⁷ ————— *shea's beauty might ensnare*

A conqueror's soul, and made him leave his crown

At random, to be scuffled for by slaves.

Caius Marius.

¹⁸ This may be stiled, in Mr. BAYES's phrase, the poetical
non ultra, Dr. HUMBUG.

Strap. Far as futurity's untravel'd waste ¹⁹
 Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
 It seems to me thou wilt not, canst not win
 The peerless virgin, but by blood and broil:
 For MADRIGAL, a Grub-street sonetteer,
 Her senses fascinates with magic rhyme.
 The bard incessant tunes the sapphic lyre,
 And paints her in his song of mien divine.
 Well-pleas'd she hearkens to the praiseful strain,
 As venal statesmen to the chink of gold;
 And deems herself the goddess he pourtrays.

Buck. Too well, alas! alas! too well I know
 Her fond affection for the starvling bard ——
 Bard did I say? a ballad-monger rather!
 A wilful murderer of sense in rhyme ——
 Now, by the powers! his ditties scarce outvie
 The pasted ornaments of cobbler's stalls! ——
 Do we not know that GARRICK hath refus'd ²⁰
 The horrid fustian he so vainly stiles
 A tragedy, at which the caitiff swears
 That GARRICK is a dolt, a goose, a fool?

Strap. True, my brave friend: would she, like
 GARRICK too,
 Refuse his suit ——

Buck.

¹⁹ This and the following line from *Irene*, a tragedy of the sublimest diction in the *English* language. Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁰ DAVID GARRICK, Esq; an actor, and manager of the theatre in *Drury Lane*, in the 18th century. This great man, though not above five feet six inches in stature, was the most celebrated, and universal performer, that ever trod the *British*, or any other stage in the known world. In all his theatrical personations he was so exact a copyer of nature, that it was a proverb in his day, with the best judges of the stage, *Nature and GARRICK are the same.*

This note, my readers are desired to remember, is made for the benefit of the lovers of drama, in the year two thousand and upwards. It would be an affront to the above gentleman's merit and universality, to add a note, to inform the world who, and what he is; or even to suppose that his memory would not outlive his theatrical performances, at least, a brace of centuries.

Buck. She must; she shall, STRAPADA.
By hell! in spite of all her wayward pride,
I'll have her still — spite of her self, I'll have her :²¹
Tho' fate, and all the world should join t'oppose me :
²² Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make her dwelling horrible to nature! —
I'll do't! — hark you, my friend! — this very night!
I'll put her to the trial — should the maid
With uncomplying stubbornness refuse,
²³ On horror's head horrors accumulate
Shall wait her mansion — see this trusty bodkin,
And guess the rest.

Strap. What means my noble friend?

²⁴ *Buck.* Blood! blood! STRAPADA, blood! — by
th' powers of hell,
²⁵ I will be drunk with vengeance! princely drunk
With blood's rich nectar — I will murder all,
That suck-in vital air beneath her roof!
Nay not a louse shall 'scape to tell the tydings.

Strap. How! not a louse escape! a single louse!
²⁶ To what extremes extreme revenge impells thee?
What! turn a murderer ten thousand fold,
To glut thy vengeance on the marbled maid!

²¹ This may, at first sight, appear a kind of *Tipperarian* rhodomontade; but, according to the method of bringing about many modern marriages, I believe my readers will soon be convinc'd, that several young ladies have been drawn into the nuptial state in spite of their own inclinations: which is all our author means.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²² Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature!
I'll do't! — hark you, my lord —

Orphan.

²³ On horror's head, horrors accumulate.

Othello.

²⁴ O blood! Iago, blood!

Ibid.

²⁵ — By the powers of hell

Regicide.

I will be drunk with vengeance.

A liquor I never yet heard of.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁶ On what extremes extreme distress impells me.

Brothers.

An extreme pretty line!

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁷ Thy inclination to shed blood rides post.
 Art thou so lost to virtue, to revenge
 Thy slighted vows on a poor peaceful tribe;
 A harmless people, that have wittingly
 Ne'er done thee wrong?—Now, by my awl I swear,
 Such cruelty ensanguin'd speaks a mind
 Of temp'rament infernal—fare thee well!
 I'll never hold communion with thee more:
 But from the day-book of my dearest friendship
 I'll cross thee out—I love thee yet, BUCKRAMO,²⁸
 But, never more be intimate of mine.

Buck. What means STRAPADA?

Strap. Like the faithless boy,²⁹
 Who hath by secret felony despoil'd
 The feather'd parents of their unfledg'd brood,
 To which his partner had an equal claim,
 Thus, thus, I ring thee off. (*joining his little finger*
to BUCKRAMO'S.)

Buck. O stay! my friend,
³⁰ Or thou wilt run me into madness—nay,
 By all the shades of my great ancestry;
 By all thy virtuous friendship to SCOURELLA,
 The dame, who give me birth, my more than
 mother,³¹

Thou

²⁷ *Thy inclination to shed blood rides post.* Fatal Secret.
 If Mr. THEOBALD, at the time of writing this celebrated line,
 were not riding post on *Pegasus*, we may fairly conclude, there
 is no such beast as a poetical post-horse. Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁸ ——— *Cassio, I love thee,*

But never more be officer of mine.

Othello.

²⁹ A simile as simple, natural, and beautiful, as ever appear'd
 in the *English* language. Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁰ A very common tragical expression—nay, I have known
 many dramatick heroes uttering such complaints, when they
 have been absolutely *mad* from their first speech in the play.
 An instance of this *dramatic madness*, may be found in a tra-
 gedy, which was publish'd by subscription in the present cen-
 tury. Dr. HUMBUG.

³¹ *Oh, my Sciolto! oh, my more than father!* Fair Penitent.
 Which

Thou shalt not leave me thus!

Strap. Let go my arm;

³² Or, on my foal, this awl shall be thy end.

Buck. But, hear me, noble youth ——

Strap. The solemn vow

Hath reach'd the skies, and is recorded there

In characters indelible —— forgo

Thy hold! nor vainly hope to shake my purpose.

Buck. But think upon our friendship ——

Strap. Damn our friendship!

What fellowship can virtue have with murder?

Still dost thou hold me! — think on what I've sworn;

Nor dare provoke th'impending blow — unhand me!

Or, by the gods! — nay, if thou'rt obstinate,

Take this, and this. (*wounds him with his awl.*)

SCENE II.

BUCKRAMO.

I'm hurt — but not to death:

³³ Yet past all surgery — alas! I've lost

The dear companion of my early youth;

Life's now not worth a quid — O, woe is me! ³⁴

T'have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see!

Which phrase may probably mean *grand* father, or *great grand* father.

HUMBUG.

³² My friend, Mr. RONE, hath translated it *soul*; but I am of opinion it ought to be *foal*, as there is an antithesis of *awl* and *end* in the sequel of the line.

³³ Ia. *What are you hurt, lieutenant?*

Cass. *Past all surgery.*

Othello.

³⁴ ——— O woe is me!

T'have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see!

Hamlet.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Parlour.

TRULLETTA *mournful on a couch*; SCULLIONA *and*
SCOURELLA *attending*: BUTTONELLI *playing on*
a Jew's Harp, THIMBLETONO *on a Strum*.

Scul. ³⁵ SEE where she weeps!—lost even to mu-
sick's power —

SCOURELLA! try — strain every varied note :
First, in low sympathy of sorrow's softness
Sooth her desponding soul — then start at once
To swells of joy, and storm attention's ear.

*SCOURELLA sings.**AIR I. Accompanied by the Jew's harp.*

³⁶ Vain hoper, begone — stay, despair :
Despair, stay — vain hoper, go, go.
For sorrow no accents should bear,
But those of lamenting and woe.
Believing, farewell — the sure road
Is death all deceiving to shun ;
Till plac'd in our clay-cold abode,
Joy flies man's pursuit like a nun.

AIR

³⁵ See where the lone majestic mourner weeps !
Lost even to music's power — try, strain each note —

First in low sympathy of sorrow's softness
Sooth her dejected soul — then start at once
To swells of joy, and storm attention's ear.

Merope.

³⁶ This, and the following air, were extracted from that inimitable musical dialogue, between Messieurs Flute and Trumpet in the same tragedy.

Flute. Stay, stay, despair—be gone, vain hoper, go ;
Sorrow can bear no voice, but that of woe.

Trumpet.

TRULLETTA.

11

AIR 2. *Accompanied by the Strum.*

*Away with your tears, where enjoyment should flow;
Bid defiance to pain — let her go, let her go:
Do the gods love complainers? No, no.*

*Away with your tears, from your eyes, have them
bang'd:*

*Bid defiance to pain, let her go and be bang'd;
Let her go, let her go, let her go, let her go,
Let her go, and be bang'd, let her go, let her go:
Do the gods love complainers? No, no.*

*Scul. Away — she rises — angels, that have tun'd,
Reward the vocal magic of thy pipe.*

SCENE IV.

TRULLETTA, SCULLIONA.

*Trul. When next thy too-officious kindness tries
Th' harmonious charm of jew's harp, strum, or
voice,*

*Let me have musick solemn all and slow,
Sad-suited to my thoughts — no tydings yet
From my dear father, or my dearer bard?*

*Scul. Our emissary yet hath hardly reach'd
The street Grubæan,³⁷ residence of bards.*

Trul.

Trumpet. Away with your tears where enjoyment should flow.

Did defiance to pain — let her go, let her go.

Do the gods love complainers? No, no, no.

*Flute. Ah! 'tis in vain to strive! — farewell, believing;
Death is the sure short road — to shun deceiving.*

Rest and the grave will meet — but ah! — till then

Joy flies, the vain pursuit of hopeless men.

As our author hath borrowed so largely from the above tragedy, I would refer the reader to the opening of that play; which, if he apply to the bookseller for, let me advise him in the cautionary phrase of our modern advertisers, to be careful to ask for HILL's Merope.

³⁷ For the benefit of my less learned readers, I must remark that street Grubæan signifies Grub-street.

Trul. Ah me! the lazy minutes seem to halt ³⁸
On crutches!

Scul. ³⁹ Thus they ever seem to grief.

S C E N E V.

TRULLETTA, SCULLIONA, FUSTIANO.

Fuf. Queen of the verſeful kingdom's lord: his
heart's ⁴⁰

High empreſs, hail! — this tender greeting ſends
Thy bard enamour'd — tho' his boſom feels
Th' inceſſant flame of love's devouring fire,
Tho' much he wiſhes to behold thy beauties,
⁴¹ As much, I think, as a fond lover can,
And baſk him in the ſunſhine of thoſe eyes; ⁴²
Yet neceſſary prudence ſtays his viſit,
Till night hath ſpread her ſable mantle o'er
The azure hemisphere — this afternoon —
⁴³ O horrible to tell! moſt horrible! —
Nine of the verſeful train — by all the gods,
Not leſs than nine — the tuneful ſiſter's number —
Unwary, unintent, uncircumſpect,
Or deeply wrapt in meditation, fell
In legal ambuſh, and were vilely dragg'd
To ſpunging dome by ſlaves, that know no mercy.

Trul. Ice at my conſcious heart were warm com-
par'd ⁴⁴

With

³⁸ Our heroine ſeems to be of the ſame opinion with *Juliet*,
where ſhe wiſhes for *ſuch a charioteer as Phaeton*, &c.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁹ As juſt an obſervation as ever was made.

Ibid.

⁴⁰ *Queen of the kingdom's lord: his heart's high empreſs.* Merope.

⁴¹ *As much, I think, as a fond parent can.*

Fair Penitent.

I think a very beautiful line.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴² A very common tragical phraſe.

⁴³ Probably in imitation of

Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!

Hamlet.

⁴⁴ This line, and following hemeſtic, from *Merope*.

With what thou chill'st my soul with! — hapless
nine!

45 My tear-touch'd eye, in sympathetic woe,
Wails their disaster.

Fuf. More I would unfold
Of misery poetic; but my stay
Admits no farther parle — illumin'd maid,
Adieu. [Exit.

Trul. O iron-hearted law! what cause
Have bards to curse thy rigour — SCULLIONA,
Thy arm — to my sad chamber guide my steps —
Griefs rush on griefs, on passions passions roll,
And in the rapid torrent overwhelm my soul.

End of the FIRST ACT.

45 *Tear-touch'd*, one of AARON HILL's sublime epithets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street.

MADRIGAL.

THUS far into the bowels of this street ¹
We've march'd without impediment — O
night! ²

Alternate regent of the lapsing hours,
Sister of *chaos*, e'er the upstart sun
And world had being, thou, with fable sway,
Didst rule the uncreated mass of things. ³

What

¹ *Thus far into the bowels of this land*
We've march'd without impediment.

K. Richard III.

² This invocation to night is certainly one of the sublimest
pieces that ever was written.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³ *Didst rule the uncreated mass of things.*

Paradise Lost.

What golden 'vantage from thine eyeless reign
 To mortals flow! beneath thy friendly veil
 The meagre bard oft 'scapes the prying ken
 Of lurking catchpole, and eludes the touch ⁴
 Unhallow'd. City prigs, of sober seeming,
 Quaff their nocturnal beverage, and reel
 Unnotic'd home. The painted courtesan,
 Who with her quartern, and the liquid food
 Of *Indian* shrub, repels the keen attacks
 Of raging hunger, all the live long day,
 Now in full blazon, with alluring leer,
 Patrols the slippery streets — the — but that lovely
 vision [*TRULLETTA appears at the window.*
 Forbids all further simile — she beckons —
 He comes, *TRULLETTA*: most refulgent maid,
 Thy *MADRIGAL* — with hasty strides he comes —
⁵ Now, would the sun, in his meridian glare,
 Suffer eclipse from her more radiant eyes.

S C E N E II.

MADRIGAL, SCULLIONA.

Scul. O! Mr. *MADRIGAL*, I'm glad you're come. ⁶

Mad.

⁴ This image seems to be borrow'd from that ingenious poem, the *Splendid Shilling*.

⁵ The comparison of ladies' eyes with the sun is very frequent in tragedy. Among numberless passages of this kind, that of *Rowe* is not the least poetical, viz.

Those eyes, which could his own fair beams decay,

Might shine for him, and bless the world with day. *Amb. Step.*
 but the thought of our heroine's eyes eclipsing the sun, is certainly a more striking, and sublime allusion, than ever was yet met with on the subject of eyes. *Dr. HUMBUG.*

⁶ To all judges of nature, how beautiful must the unaffected simplicity of this line appear! some of our modern wholesale dealers in fustian, would have express'd this image in the following words,

O bard sublime! thy coming glads my soul.

but how far the simplicity of our image excels the force of such rant, I leave the learned to determine. *Dr. HUMBUG.*

TRULLETTA.

15

Mad. Thanks, gentle SCULLIONA—for this kindness,

And all thy other curtesies, e'er long
I will fulfil my promise—thy bright charms
Shall be the subject of my tuneful song.
For thee I'll strain each faculty of thought,
7 Till my brain burst with thinking——every
tongue

Shall chaunt the beauteous SCULLIONA's name.
In verse immortal I'll record thy charms;
And when dear 8 *Ally Crocar* is forgot,
Thou shalt be hum'd, or warbled thro' each street,
From *Hyde Park Corner* to *Limehouse Hole* 9.

Scul. 10 That will be pure!—but come; TRULLETTA waits.

SCENE III.

A Parlour.

MADRIGAL, TRULLETTA. (*meeting.*

Mad. My fair TRULLETTA! }
Trul. Oh! my MADRIGAL! } *embracing.*

Mad.

7 *Here's room for meditation, even to madness,
Till the mind burst with thinking.*

Fair Penitent.

8 A little poem, or sonnet, which was sung by all *Britons*, who had the faculty of humming, or chanting. The sublimity of this little piece was so great, that the connoisseurs affirm'd it to be equal, if not superior to any of the odes, or sonnets, antiquity can boast.

Dr. HUMBUG.

9 In plain prose, *Limehouse-hole*.

10 Our author, in this scene, hath given us a second proof of his knowledge of human nature, in preferring simplicity of expression to a chain of pompous words. In most of our modern tragedies, the chamber maid; or, to speak more politely, the *confident*, is drawn a person of better sense than the mistress (which is indeed sometimes the case) and her diction is generally more elevated; but our author shews his dislike of such practice, by making a chamber maid speak like a chamber maid.

Dr. HUMBUG.

16 MADRIGAL AND

Mad. Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece! ¹¹

I'll hold thee thus, till we incorporate,

¹² And make between us an hermaphrodite.

So closely will I clasp thee in my arms,

That the big wedge, which cleaves the knotted oak,

Could hardly rend me from thy lov'd embrace —

Oh! my TRULLETTA, let me press thy lips,

My eager, my devouring lips to thine,

¹³ And eat thee with my hungry kisses — Now

Ye envying deities *Olympian*!

Aquatic! and *Infernal*! see, behold!

¹⁴ Look down, look up — confess — but speak the truth — ¹⁵

Say, would you not ungod yourselves, to be

The happier MADRIGAL? to clasp her thus?

Thus, thus to strain her to your panting bosoms?

To suck th' *Ambrosia* of her *Hybla* lips?

To banquet on her eyes? to be, like me,

I

So

¹¹ *Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece!* Orphan.

¹² An original image, and of double beauty of any I ever yet met with in the *English* language. Dr. HUMBUG.

¹³ *Devours his lips; eats him with hungry kisses.*

Alexander the Great.

The expression of eating with hungry kisses is undoubtedly very sublime; but the same author in his *Massacre of Paris*, carries the image yet *higher*, where he says,

And eat your Marguirite with your hungry eyes.

The epithet *hungry* is frequently used by tragic authors, which may probably be occasion'd by the hunger they so often experience. The sublime Mr. *Banks*, in his *Earl of Essex*, hath the elegant phrase of *hungry nostrils*:

with hungry nostrils

waits for my blood,

which last word I am apt to imagine an error of the press: I am of opinion it ought to be read *snuff*, as *snuff* is almost the only food for the nostrils. Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁴ An author of less sagacity, would have only desired the gods to look down. Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁵ In my opinion a very reasonable injunction. Ibid.

¹⁶ So more than most superlatively blest.

Trul. Alas, my MADRIGAL!

Mad. That deep-fetch'd sigh,

Sorrow's sad offspring, speaks thy tender soul

¹⁷ Lab'ring with woe—thy brilliant eyes appear
Studded with pearly drops—oh! let me kiss them
off,

These richer jewels, than embowell'd lie

In pregnant *India's* gem-prolific womb — ¹⁸

Why all this grief? — and is it thus we meet? —

Yes, I must chide; perforce, must chide thee, fair one:

¹⁹ For, oh! our meeting is not like the former;

When every look, when all our talk was love — ²⁰

Yes, changeful beauty! once there was a time,

When my TRULLETTA rush'd into my arms,

Swift as the iron messengers of death,

Forc'd from the mortal engines, whose wide throats ²¹

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit.

Trul. Well might'st thou think my heart en-
crusted o'er

With marble; or insensible, as rocks,

Should my unfilial niggard eyes refuse

To sympathize my father's threaten'd ruin.

Thou know'st the angry sentence of the law

Hangs heavy o'er him, like a gather'd cloud;

And, e'er to-morrow's journeying sun hath made

His lucid progress to his noon-day summit,

His

¹⁶ This is the *most superlatively grandest* expression, I have met with in any dramatic author, and may justly be called, a carrying the *English* language, as far as it can possibly go.

Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁷ An epithet of vast use, and beauty.

Ibid.

¹⁸ The most brilliant thought, that ever issued from the womb of the human brain.

Ibid.

¹⁹ But oh, our meeting was not like the former! Fair Penitent.

See 38th note of this act.

²⁰ ——— And all our talk was love.

Orphan.

²¹ And O! ye mortal engines, whose wide throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit.

Othello,

His thread of life, like an unheeded remnant,
Must by the law's fell shears be cut in twain —
Ye gods! what havock does the ²² halter make
Among your works!

Mad. Alas! angelic nymph;
Even with a more, far more than filial woe,
I mourn the good old CABBAGINO's danger:
For, should the fatal noose — the stinging thought
Alas! hath bred ten thousand scorpions here,
And given my very soul a fit of th' gripes: ²³
That curs'd mercer for a web of velvet —
Web, did I say? by all the gods a remnant!
A paultry remnant! scarce a yard! to bring
Thy venerable father to the tree;
'Tis such infernal cruelty, and ire,
²⁴ As circle-bearded *Israelites* would scorn —
Yes; he shall feel the terrors of my rage —
The slave shall feel — I'll tear him all to pieces.
By hell's grim king I will — in black and white —
I'll have a hundred hawkers bellow out,

Before

²² *Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!*

Cato.

Our author hath certainly given the world the most striking instance of humanity, and universal benevolence, that was ever known. Though his bread depends on *halter-making*, yet this tender image is a sufficient evidence, that he prefers the welfare of his fellow creatures, to his own private interest. How few such instances of generosity are to be met with among the trading part of mankind!

Dr. HUMBUG.

²³ This line may possibly admit of a cavil among some quibbling criticks; but there are innumerable dramatic authorities to justify our author, and incontestably prove the soul is subject to the disorders of the body. Among such authorities is one of the judicious *Aaron Hill*, Esquire, who says in his *Merope*,
And my shock'd soul akes at him.

Now if the soul be liable to *akes*, I would ask these pitiful carpers, the criticks, why it may not be as naturally subject to a fit of the gripes.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁴ My translator, Mr. *Rone*, hath render'd it *horse-shoe bearded*; but as *circle-bearded* is a more genteel and musical epithet, I have given it, as it now stands in the text.

Before his doors, the venom of my page,
In roar most dreadfully vociferous —
Oh! how I'll gall him — may this carcase rot ²⁵
A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heaven,
If e'er my breast admit a thought to bound,
A single thought, the progress of my rage.

Trul. May the revengeful bloodhound never feel
A moment's respite from his gouty pangs:
And all the racking pains, that flesh is heir to, ²⁶
²⁷ May he accumulated underbear!
Eternal moths and mildews haunt his shop!
When, o'er his pipe, th' exhilarating juice
²⁸ Of punch, that compound manifold, he sips,
May my dear father's grinning spectre rise,
And snatch th' uplifted nipperkin away
From his untasting lips! when from his glass ²⁹
Of life th' out-hast'ning sands are shook, may fiends
Hurry

²⁵ Our author, in this spirited image, which is taken from the *Regicide*, hath, in my opinion, follow'd the original too closely; for, with submission to so great a genius as the DOCTOR, *loathsome banquet* seems to border a little on the *tipperanian* idiom.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁶ — That flesh is heir to.

Hamlet.

²⁷ Shall he accumulated underbear.

Mourning Bride.

²⁸ In the original it is *compound quadruple*; which phrase, I apprehend, is not so just as *compound manifold*. It is generally supposed that punch is sometimes made of more ingredients than four; especially when brew'd by the three-penny retailers.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁹ Our author seems to have had an eye on the following passage in the dedication to *Merope*, viz.

— *Life's evening gleam survey,*

Nor shake th' out-hast'ning sands, nor bid them stay.

It may not be amiss to inform my less knowing readers, that the said dedication is in rhyme; and that it is indubitably the most sublime, and poetical dedication in the *English* language. There are such a variety of beautiful sentiments, figures, and metaphors in it, that it will bear reading over a thousand times. For my part, I must ingenuously own, the style is so very masterly and poetical, that I am not yet acquainted with all its beauties, tho' I have studied it like an enigma.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Hurry the wretch into a hell, more hot
 Ten thousandfold than elemental fire :
 Then snatch, half-roasted, snatch him to a mount
 In icy *Zembla's* keen-congealing clime :
 There let him freeze, ye gods ! unpitied freeze, (*kneels*
 With shiv'ring limbs, blue nose, and chatt'ring teeth,
 A spectacle of horror !

³⁰ *Mad.* Amen to that, sweet pow'rs ! — thy filial
 prayer

Is register'd above ; and he is doom'd
 To suffer all thy imprecated curse ——
 But come, my dearest ; dry this crystal sluice !
 Thou hast been tender over much, and mourn'd, ³¹
 Even too profusely mourn'd, thy father's danger —
 Madam, 'tis prudent, I confess it is ; ³²
 But is it loving, as true lovers ought,
 To be so very prudent in our loves ?
 What interruption this ? ³³

SCENE IV.

MADRIGAL, TRULLETTA, SCULLIONA, SCOU-
 RELLA.

Scul. Horror on horror !

Scou. O inauspicious hour !

Mad. Ha ! what portends
 This tristful exclamation ?

Scul. I am come

A secret to disclose, that would awake you, ³⁴

Were you already dead. — My dearest master —

Scou.

³⁰ *Amen to that, sweet powers !*

Othello.

³¹ *Thou hast been tender over-much, and mourn'd
 Even too profusely.*

Regicide.

³² This, and the two following lines, verbatim, from the
Brothers.

³³ A tragical interrogatory ; which, without the imputation
 of plagiarism, may be used by any dramatic writer.

³⁴ *And I am come a secret to disclose,*

That might awake thee, wert thou dead already.

Brothers.

Scou. Alas! that I should ever live to tell it! —³⁵

Scul. The best of masters, and the best of friends—

Scou. The sweetest, kindest, gentlest CABBAGING—

Scul. Is now—O savage, marble-hearted fate! —

Scou. Is now—I cannot tell it for my tears —

Scul. A corseful shade.³⁶

Mad. Trul. O ye immortal gods! ³⁷

Scul. Despairing of reprieve (the turnkey thus Reports) and nobly scorning to be dragg'd
A publick spectacle up *Holborn Hill*,
By plenteous draughts of *Juniperian* juice,
Death-dealing liquid, his undaunted soul,
Freed from corporeal limbo.

Trul. Oh! ³⁸

Mad. Oh!

Scul. Scou. Oh!

Mad. The deed was worthy of a *Roman* soul: ³⁹
And sad necessity makes all things just. ⁴⁰

If the DOCTOR would be kind enough to give up to the publick this grand restorative nostrum, I am persuaded he would have the thanks of a great many widows and orphans, who are starving for want of their deceas'd supporters. Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁵ This interrupted manner of telling a melancholy story, is used by a variety of tragic authors.

³⁶ *Alamode de Merope.*

³⁷ A tragical exclamation — But why *immortal*? An unnecessary epithet, unless intended to convince an audience, that the speaker does not mean the mortal deities in the upper gallery. Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁸ The vocal picture of grief in miniature, and of great service to tragic writers, as it frequently helps to set a broken verse on its heroick legs. For example:

But oh, our meeting was not like the former! Fair Penitent.

To touch thee's heaven; but to enjoy thee — oh,

Thou nature's, &c.

Orphan.

And I'm relaps'd into a coward — oh,

Bear me, &c.

Abra-Mule.

³⁹ This line is borrow'd, but I cannot recollect from whom.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴⁰ A maxim, that may probably be of some comfort to future criminals at the foot of the gallows — I had almost forgot to inform the reader, this line is in *Merope*.

Trul. Oh! 'tis too much; and life and I are
lost. ⁴¹ (faints.

Mad. Alas! she faints: she dies:—SCOURELLA,
haste;

Swift as a witch upon a broomstick fly;
Nay, swifter than the lightning's swiftest speed,
And bring a son of *Galen* to her aid — ⁴²
The dedication of my tragic piece
To him, who saves her — draw thy smelling phial,
And try the odoriferous charm to lure
Her fleeting spirit back — alas! she's gone!
Gone! irrecoverably gone — she stiffens
A monument of grief — her eyes have lost
Their fire — ah! where is that Promethean heat, ⁴³
That can their light relumine? — wake, my
fair!

Shake off that ghastly ravisher, grim death;
Whose ruffian arms detain thee in his clasp,
Or thy bard rushes on his point to join thee — ⁴⁴
She hears — the fair one hears my well-known
voice —

She breathes — she wakes — returning colour 'gins
T'illumine her reddening cheek.

Trul. Ill-fated hour!

Undone TRULLETTA!

Mac. Pious maid! forbear

This heart-felt woe — to her apartment lead —
I'll hence, and for th' interment of thy fire

Make

⁴¹ This beautiful line may be found in *Merope* also.

⁴² Among the many bleeding heroines I have seen on the *British* stage, I remember but one, whose lover had the presence of mind to call an *Æsculapian* to her assistance. If the reader can recollect the lady, I need not inform him that the dedication of our hero's tragedy is an imitation of the vast reward to the surgeon, whose art should restore her.

⁴³ ———— *Where is that Promethean heat*

That can thy light relumine!

⁴⁴ Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.

Othello.
Cato.

TRULLETTA:

23

Make preparation — lovely nymph ! farewell !

'Tis heaven to have thee ; and without thee hell. ⁴⁵

End of the SECOND ACT.

⁴⁵ This line is taken from the *Orphan*—Methinks so beautiful a thought should be cloath'd in a more grammatical dress.

Dr. HUMBUG.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

STRAPADA.

A Yearning fondness hangs about me still : ¹
 I'd give the empire of ten thousand worlds ²
 For privilege to unswear what I have sworn —
 His father was my friend, and taught me first, ³
 With curved awl, to pierce the rugged soal,
 And join the horny bristle to the thread.
 Such benefits demand no vulgar gratitude —
 His mother too — be hush'd, my fluttering soul — ⁴
 GOOSINO tells me, he resolves on blood ;

A

¹ *A woman's softness hangs about me still.*

Fair Penitent.

² Our author could not have given a finer demonstration of the virtuous and philosophical character of STRAPADA, than in this and the following line. I could wish that all mankind would imitate our virtuous cobbler in the conscientious observance of his vow. He hath so strict a regard to what he has sworn, that he would even give the empires of ten thousand worlds for the bare privilege of unswearing a rash oath. The height of that *yearning fondness* to BUCKRAMO, as our author most pathetically expresses it, could not be more strongly drawn, than in these two happy lines.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³ This and the two succeeding lines are a distant imitation of somewhat in the character of *Horatio*, in the *Fair Penitent*.

⁴ A tragical lullaby, frequently met with in drama.

Dr. HUMBUG.

A rival's blood: yet, which of them must fall
 None but th' *Olympian* gods alone can tell.
 Th' event of battle, like a growing foetus,
 Lies 'prison'd in futurity's dark womb,
 Till midwife time do bring it into birth —
 Whoe'er the conqueror, BUCKRAMO dies;
 For should he MADRIGAL's quietus make ⁵
 With a bare bodkin, justice acts the second,
 And brings the victor to the shameful tree —
 It is resolv'd ⁶ — I'll watch him to prevent
 His rage, and save him from the double danger
 Of steel and hempen noose — It shall be so: ⁷
 Madness in taylors must not unwatch'd go.

SCENE II.

STRAPADA, BUCKRAMO.

Buck. My ears deceive me, or I heard the voice
 Of dear STRAPADA once; but, now alas!
 No more my friend — 'tis he — avenging steel!
 (*puts up his bodkin.*)

Rest here unseen — his lab'ring mind is lock'd
 In contemplation's closest cell — I'll try
 To rouse him from this trance of thought--what, ho!
 STRAPADA!

Strap. Ha! — BUCKRAMO! — Thou wast once
 My trustiest friend: in my heart's core I wore thee;
 Ay in my heart of hearts. ⁸

Buck.

⁵ It would be loss of time to tell the reader this image is
 borrow'd from *Shakespeare*.

⁶ This laconic sentiment may be found in almost every tra-
 gedy, but it is a plagiarism from the speech of *Prince Prettyman*
 in the *Rehearsal*.

⁷ *It shall be so:*

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Hamlet.

⁸ *In my heart's core I'll wear him;*

Ay, in my heart of hearts.

Ibid.

If we admit the heart to be form'd like an onion, I suppose this
 phrase means the innermost coat.

Dr. HUMBUG.

*Buck. Ammonian JOVE!*⁹

(kneeling.

And all ye gods, and goddesses: peruse
The folio of my past and present thoughts!
Peruse it page by page, or in the way
Of modern connoisseurs, videlicet,
Run o'er contents and index — if you find
A wish, unless to have TRULLETTA mine,
Preferr'd to good STRAPADA's dearest friendship,
Hurl my thrice-thankless spirit vengeful down
Into th' infernal pitchy lake, prepar'd
For negro-soul'd ingratitude.

*Strap. By Saturn!*¹⁰

His mother's in his face — the dear SCOURELLA —
It is too much to bear — spite of my vow
¹¹ I must, I must relent — there is a way
To reinstate thee in my love: be virtuous.
The friends of virtue are STRAPADA's friends —
Forgo thy black design on MADRIGAL,
And be as dear as ever — what incites thee
To seek his blood?

Buck.

⁹ As I cannot, with all my sagacity as an editor, trace any imitation of the following prayer, I must conclude it to be an original.

Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁰ ————— *By heaven!*

His father's in his face.

Fair Penitent.

¹¹ This conflict in the bosom of Strapada plainly shews, that our author design'd to draw him a man, as well as a philosopher; two characters, which seldom meet in the same person; especially in dramatic philosophers. The struggle is so great, that the tenderness of the man overcomes the stiffness of the sage; and compells him to break that vow, which, a few minutes ago, he would have *given the empire of so many thousand worlds* to forswear with impunity. In the midst of the conflict, we still find him so great a friend to virtue, that he only pardons his repenting friend, on condition of his being *virtuous*. That this frailty, in regard to his vow, may not appear a blemish in the character of our heroic cobbler, I must beg leave to inform my readers, that such breach of rash vows, in dramatic heroes, hath seldom or never been counted criminal. I could produce many instances of such frailty; that of *Pierre in Venice Preserv'd* may suffice, without quoting further authorities.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Buck. He robs me of my mistress:
And in return I rob him of his life.
The robber rob, and robbery grows virtue.¹²

Strap. The subtlety of schools may paint this
maxim;
The schools, where learned error stalks abroad¹³
With such gigantic strides, in wisdom's garb;
But truth, and sound philosophy, disclaim
The paultry dawbing — know, blood-thirsty youth!
Know, thou death's orator! dread advocate¹⁴
For bowellefs severity! forgiveness
Is greater, wiser, manlier bravery
Than wild revenge.

Buck. Ha! whither would'st thou lead me?

Strap. To virtue, to forgiveness — talk no more
Of fell revenge.

Buck. Not talk of it, STRAPADA?
I'll talk of it, tho' hell itself should gape¹⁵
And bid me hold my peace — not talk of it?
Not of revenge? the attribute of th' gods,¹⁶
Who stamp it in our natures to impell
Mankind to noblest darings.

Strap. Rather call it
The attribute of devils, stamp'd on man
To draw deluded mortals to destruction.

Buck.

¹² Our author seems to have had in view that moral and musical line, viz.

Deceive deceivers, and deceit grows virtue.

Merope.

¹³ ——— *Faction stalks abroad*

In such gigantic strides.

Virginia.

A sentiment that stalks very majestically in the road of blank verse.

Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁴ *O thou death's orator! Dread advocate*

For bowellefs severity!

Brothers.

A man must have no bowels, who cannot feel the force of these wonderful metaphors.

Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁵ *I'll talk of it tho' hell itself should gape,*

And bid me hold my peace.

Hamlet.

¹⁶ *Revenge the attribute of gods; they stamp'd it*

With their great image on our natures.

Venice Preserv'd.

Buck. No more, no more — tempt me no more
in vain — ¹⁷

My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage ¹⁸
Of horrible revenge.

Strap. And thou art fix'd
On bloody purpose?

Buck. Fix'd as *Cambrian* mountain
On its own base, or gaming lords on ruin. ¹⁹

Strap. Then all my flattering hopes of thy reclaim
Are lost; and my shock'd soul akes at thee ²⁰: yet
Attend my last request — defer thy purpose,
Till the cold earth, in her parental bosom,
Receive thy venerable master's corse.
E'er long the sad procession will begin:
Then do not with unhallow'd broil prophane
The dread solemnity of funeral rites:
But lend thy kind assistance to support
Thy sorrowing mistress thro' the mournful scene.
This thou wilt promise?

Buck. By yon silver lamp, ²¹
Which stringless hangs, or hangs by string unseen

In

¹⁷ No more, no more—tempt me no more in vain. Black Prince.

¹⁸ My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage
Of horrible revenge.

Regicide.

A very sublime way of telling the world he is in a damn'd passion. This image, in my opinion, would be more proper and intelligible, if the word *rage* were alter'd to *pitch*. Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁹ Our author seems to be led away by the prevailing opinion of *Gaming*, which paints it as the effect of idleness and prodigality; but I am not yet so much a slave to vulgar prejudice, as to suppose that idleness and prodigality are the sources of *Gaming*. Yet should we judge of its merits, from its prevalency in the fashionable world, we might rather esteem it to be the effect of a laudable desire of acquiring riches, and a praise-worthy calling; under which character the worst of men insinuate themselves into the company of gentlemen, and nobles. And I am of opinion that the philosopher's stone (notwithstanding all the labours of the chymical tribe) will be found, if ever it be found, by a *gaming* projector.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁰ And my shock'd soul akes at him.

Merope.

See note 23 of the second act.

²¹ Less metaphorically speaking, the moon.

In azure firmament, I will!

Strap. Till then farewell!

SCENE III.

BUCKRAMO.

Farewel! — till then farewell! — so hot, my friend?
 So very hot? — no matter — let him cool ——
 He thinks my reason a meer babe, a suckling,
 To need the leading-strings of his advice —
 But to th' interment — if I should appear
 In this unseemly dress, they'll think I come
 To laugh and fleer at their solemnity.²²
 Custom, that great, that venerable tyrant²³
 On such occasions, asks, requires, demands
 A coat — a coat! — alas! — I have no coat.²⁴
 Oh insupportable! — oh heavy hour!
 Methinks it now should be a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at the alteration of my dress ——
 Of all superfluous cloth necessity²⁵
 Hath stripp'd me. My incarcerated coat
 Lies in that infidel confinement, whence²⁶
 No captive e'er returns unransom'd — how
 To fetch the pris'ner thence puzzles the thought —
 Lost in a labyrinth, I wander on
²⁷ Without a clew to guide — O dark estate

Of

²² *To fleer and scorn at our solemnity.* Romeo and Juliet.

²³ *Custom, a venerable tyrant.* Tancred and Sigismunda.

²⁴ In this, and the four following lines, our author hath imitated the complaint of *Othello* for the loss of his wife.

²⁵ *Buckramo's* condition seems to resemble that of *Sharp* in the *Lying Valet*.

²⁶ Probably in the pawn-broker's custody — This thought has some distant resemblance of,

That undiscovered country from whose bourn

No traveller returns.

Hamlet.

²⁷ The want of these poetical *clews* are often complain'd off by buskin'd heroes.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Of dull mortality! where reptile man,
With all his boasted intuition, is
More blind than reptile mole — Goosino's counsel
Must guide me thro' this maze.

° SCENE IV.

An apartment hung with black.

TRULLETTA. *weeping over a coffin.*

—— 28 Hail venerable ghost!
Hail heart-wept Manes of my murder'd fire!
O earth-wrong'd goodness! — in *Newgatian* cell,
29 That subterranean sepulchre of peace,
That home of horror, hideous nest of crimes,
Guilt's first sad stage in her dark road to hell,
Whose thick-barr'd, sunless passages for air
Do keep alive the wretch, that longs to die,
30 Was thy majestic eye-beam clos'd in gin;
31 In gin, that bliss, and bane of human life —

O

28 ————— Hail venerable ghost!

Hail heart-wept Manes of my murder'd lord!

Merope.

O earth-wrong'd goodness!

Ibid.

29 This inimitable description of *Newgate* is taken (with very little alteration) from the *Brothers*.

30 *Was thy majestic eye-beam clos'd in blood.*

Merope.

A very majestic description of murder; but rather too much on the sublime for common capacities. — In compassion to the benighted understandings of my countrymen in general, I could wish the publisher of the sublime tragedy of *Merope* would, in his next edition of that wonderful production, annex a glossary, that the beauties of that piece might be more universally understood, and comprehended by those, who have not had the good fortune of an academical education.

Dr. HUMBUG.

31 In the 18th century, the inhabitants of *Great Britain* were very much addicted to drinking a liquid, call'd *Geneva*; or, according to its usual abbreviation, *gin*, which was a slow, but sure poison. They swallow'd it, as the *Turks* do opium, meerly for the sake of intoxication. The consumption of this liquid was so great, that some thousands of *poisoners general*, distinguish'd

O could my pious drops recall thy breath,
 My sluicing eyes should pour such cataracts ³²
 Of ceaseless tears, as would redeluge earth,
 And pickle the huge mass in human brine —
³³ O all ye sleeping gods! why did you thus
 Nod o'er your charge supine, and suffer one,

So

guish'd by the *modest* appellation of *distillers*, got their livelihood; nay, some of them amass'd immense fortunes by the composition of this inebriating spirit. So great was the skill of these chymical poisoners, that they could extract this intoxicating liquor from molasses, juniper-berries, turpentine; nay, I believe, had they set about it, from the upper leathers of old shoes; but the chief, and most beneficial principles, from which they could possibly draw this fatal juice, were wheat, barley, or other grain. In the years 1757 and 1758, on account of the real, or artificial scarcity of grain in *England*, these gentry were prohibited the use of it, which so affected the distillery, that, happily for the nation, several of its professors were obliged to leave off their pernicious trades, and launch into less destructive callings. During such prohibition it was remark'd, that human excrement, both *a priori* and *a posteriori* bore an advanced price, which might probably arise from the use of these fragrant materials in distillery. This conjecture is not at all unnatural, as *bread* and *porter*, after they have undergone the internal operations, must still retain some remaining part of their *wheaten* and *malten* qualities. For my part, I am almost confirm'd in this opinion, from the near analogy of flavour between *gin*, and that more *solid* species of excrement, on which the *honours of knight-hood* hath been time immemorial conferr'd. After so long a note, it will be almost unnecessary to prove the truth and propriety of our author's stiling *gin*, the *bliss and bane of human life*; especially as drunkenness seems to be the primary happiness of the present age.

This note I have written partly for the present, and partly for the future tense.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³² This seems to have been drawn from the following beautiful lines:

*Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
 That were the world on fire, they might have drown'd
 The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.*

Mithridates.

³³ The *napping* of the gods is very frequently intimated by tragic authors.

Dr. HUMBUG.

TRULLETTA.

31

So sagely form'd, to close his death - shrunk
reign, ³⁴

By copious swill of gin lethiferous?

Ye should have dash'd the untasted moisture from
him — ³⁵

But hence this prophanation! 'tis impiety

To question the just gods, since reason's line ³⁶

Wants depth to sound th' Olympian will.

SCENE V.

TRULLETTA, GHOST. ³⁷

Trul. Dread powers!

What

³⁴ *Sagely-form'd, and death-shrunk reign*: two dramatic flourishes of the author of *Merope*.

³⁵ *Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him.* Cato.

³⁶ *And reason's line wants depth to sound heaven's will.*

Merope.

Here are two technical terms, viz. *line* and *sound*, which it behoves me to explain — The *line* in the text is a *lead or deep sea line*, a species of cordage, about three quarters of an inch in circumference; to which is fix'd a quantity of lead to make it gravitate, or sink to the bottom more expeditiously, when thrown into the sea to find the depth of water; which is called *sounding*. This, by the by, is a kind of proof that Mr. HILL imagin'd the will of heaven to lie *below*, and not, as commonly suppos'd, *above*. If Mr. HILL, in this remarkable image, had written *length* instead of *depth*, it would have been much more clear and intelligible; but as obscure phrases are generally more poetical than common ones, Mr. HILL was undoubtedly in the right to give the word, as it now stands in the text.

³⁷ Some of our modern connoisseurs in drama mistakenly suppose, a *ghost* is a kind of unnecessary agent in tragedy. To those learned gentlemen, who are of such infidel opinion; I beg leave to recommend the authority of no less ingenious and judicious a writer, than Mr. JOHN GAY, of facetious memory, who in his *What d'ye call it*, puts into the mouth of the sagacious Sir Roger this conclusive argument, on the necessity of ghosts in dramatic exhibitions, viz. *A play without a ghost is like — is like — egad it is like nothing.*

Dr. HUMBUG.

What would your awful messenger? ³⁸

Ghost. I am

Thy father's spirit, doom'd for many years
To fry in liquid lakes of subtlest fire,
T'attone my manifold, my deadly sins
Of cabbage, and high bills.

Trul. Alas! poor ghost!

Ghost. My furlo from my prison-house is short:
Brief let me be — I come to warn my child
Against — but hark! th' infernal boatswain calls!

(A whistle within.)

He pipes me hence! — my wasted respite grants
No longer stay — again! — relentless dog!
I come. — but this short prayer — not for my
self;
Not for my self, but thee — hear me, all-gracious —

SCENE VI.

TRULLETTA.

'Tis wanting what should follow — Jove should
follow; ³⁹

But 'tis torn off — why should that word alone
Be torn from his petition? ⁴⁰ — why, indeed?

³⁸ A seeming imitation of

Ye heavenly guards, what would your gracious figure! Hamlet.

³⁹ An imitation of *Osmyn's* complaint in the *Mourning Bride*.

⁴⁰ *Quere*, whether a word, with as much propriety, may be said
to be torn off from a *verbal*, as from a *written* petition? — This
I recommend as a question to be debated by a *certain disputing*
society.
Dr. HUMBUG.

SCENE VII. ⁴¹

MADRIGAL, TRULLETTA.

Mad. Hail to you horrors! hail thou house of death! ⁴²

And thou, the mournful mistress of these shades!—
But, ha! what means this quivering in thy limbs?
This terror in thy eyes? these ghastly looks?
⁴³ Even such a form, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew PRIAM's curtain in the dead of night,
And told the mournful tale of blazing Troy.

Trul. Alas! some sudden ruin waits TRULLETTA—
My father's spirit hath been here to warn me
'Gainst something fatal, but I know not what;
For just as he began the tender caution,
A noise, not much unlike the catcall's knell,
Abridg'd the mournful tale, and down he sunk
Reluctant; yet obedient to the sound.

Mad. O day and night, but this is wond'rous
strange! ⁴⁴

The world's last groan, wrapt in surrounding fires, ⁴⁵
Had less amaz'd me! — was he cloath'd, or naked?

Trul. Cloath'd in his 'custom'd garb from top
to toe.

Mad. Wore he his beaver on his head? — or cap
With cat-skin lin'd?

Trul.

⁴¹ This, and the two foregoing scenes, (in imitation of many of our modern tragedies) appear to be introduced on Mr. Bayes's principle, viz. "*What a devil is the plot good for but to bring in fine things?*"

⁴² *Hail to you horrors! hail thou house of death!*

And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades. Fair Penitent.

⁴³ This image is taken from the greatest connoisseur in human nature that ever existed, I mean our inimitable SHAKESPEAR.

⁴⁴ This line from *Hamlet*.

⁴⁵ This line, and succeeding hemistich, from *Merops*.

Trul. His head arm'd *cap a-pe*.

Mad. With, or without his apron?

Trul. With it, Love!

Mad. His sandals — shoes, or slippers?

Trul. One of each.

Mad. His beard was red?

Trul. It was, as thou hast seen it,
Almost the colour of the rising moon.

Mad. Seem'd it not sing'd? ⁴⁶

Trul. Not in the least.

Mad. That's strange! —

⁴⁷ I would I had been here! — it must portend
Some festinating evil — but to whom,

Or what, my comprehension fathoms not: ⁴⁸

This is however sure, so sage a ghost

Would hardly come on an unmeaning errand.

But more of this hereafter — come, my Love!

The sad procession waits — now summon all

Thy reason's fortitude to grapple with

Affliction's potency — hark! — (Bell sounds.)

that dreadful knell

O CABBAGINO, is thy passing-bell.

A Procession.

End of the THIRD ACT.

⁴⁶ The above interrogatories, with the major part of the foregoing scene between TRULLETTA and the ghost, an imitation of *Hamlet*.

⁴⁷ *I would I had been there!*

Hamlet.

⁴⁸ It hath been often observ'd, that mechanics generally speak in the terms of their respective callings. The word *fathoms* is a proof, that our author is not free from this almost-universal absurdity.

Dr. HUMBUG.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment.

MADRIGAL, TRULLETTA.

Mad. **T**HY last sad duties to thy fire are paid:
The grave hath op'd its consecrated maw
To swallow down thy father's hallow'd corse.
¹ The *Stygian* tar no longer can refuse
His spirit passage to th' *Elysian* shades.

SCENE II.

MADRIGAL, TRULLETTA, SCULLIONA.

Scul. Oh! Sir, these wretched eyes have newly
seen

BUCKRAMO skulking 'hind a cobbler's stall.
Some hint's officious note had reach'd his ear²
That you was here — In his right hand he bore,
Most terrible to tell! a glitt'ring bodkin;
And ask'd, if I had seen you: I replied,
(Forgive me, *Jove*, the pious falsehood!) no:
On which, with fullen aspect, he rejoin'd;
“ Well! I may meet him e'er the noon of night.”³

¹ For the benefit of our less learned readers, we have thought proper to signify, that the *Stygian tar* is *Charon*, the owner of the *infernal ferry boat*.

² Those who are acquainted with the sublimity of Mr. HILL's style, need not be inform'd from whom this line is borrow'd.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³ That is, I presume, when the moon is in her meridian, and not as commonly suppos'd, at midnight — Many tragic authors are fond of this beautiful phrase.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon. Theodosius.
But see where silent, as the noon of night,
These lovers lie.

Regicide.

Mad.

Mad. Where is the stall, my gentle SCUL-
LIONA?

* Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge.

Trul. A breathless horror ⁵
Heaves panting at my heart! — Indeed, my Love,
You must not hence to night: the time is big
With danger.

Mad. What! be coop'd within these walls;
Thro' fear of one base cross-legg'd animal,
But the ninth part of manhood? — by *Alcides*!
Were there a hundred of the prick-louse tribe,
With each a hundred bodkins in his hands,
I could, with steadfast, and advancing scorn, ⁶
Stare in each phyz, full-sighted — I'll be gone,
And sacrifice a hecatomb of taylors ⁷

⁸ To my wak'd wrath, while mercy's faintest glympse
Shall shun to reach them. ⁹

Trul. MADRIGAL! forbear,
And do not rush on such eventful broil.

Mad.

* This line, and the remaining part of the speech from *Hamlet*.
Our hero seems to be in greater earnest than the young *Dane*, as
he flies with greater expedition to his revenge.

⁵ I am persuaded our author would scarce have ventur'd on
this expression, if he had not found it in so correct a writer, as
the author of *Eugenia*, for fear of incurring the charge of an
Iricism. How *breathless horror* can *heave panting at the heart*, is
not very obvious to human understandings; but Mr. *Francis*
must have undoubtedly been satisfied of the possibility of such
an effect, or he would hardly have made use of the expression.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁶ *I could with steadfast, and advancing scorn,
Look in death's face full-sighted.*

Merope,

What could a DRAWCANSIR have said more?

⁷ *And sacrifice a hecatomb of priests.*

Victim.

⁸ *Wak'd wrath*, every body knows, is a phrase of *Shakespeare*.

⁹ *And mercy's faintest glympse shall shun to reach me.* *Merope.*
Happy was it for literature, that this great line did not *shun to*
reach the sublime skull of *Aaron Hill*, Esquire. Dr. HUMBUG,

Mad. If all their lice were lives, ¹⁰ my great revenge

Has stomach for them all.

Trul. And canst thou leave me,
Disconsolate to mourn thy rashness? — hast thou
So soon forgot me?

Mad. Do not rive my heart ¹¹

With such unkind expressions — Didst thou say
Forget thee? — much indeed must be forgot, ¹²
E'er MADRIGAL forget his fair TRULLETTA —
The gods, that pry into the close recesses
Of every heart, can evidence the love,
The wond'rous love I bear thee — Now, even now,
A flow of fondness gushes from my eyes:
And did not honour's call command me hence,
I would not leave thee for the laurell'd wreath,
That binds a MILTON's, or a SHAKESPEAR's brow; ¹³
But, throwing thus my arms about thy neck, ¹⁴
Would play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom
Till I had drown'd thee with my streaming tears.

Trul. And is it possible that thou should'st love,
Yet leave me thus inhumanly?

Mad.

¹⁰ *If all his hairs were lives, my great revenge
Has stomach for them all.*

Othello.

¹¹ *Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?*

Cato.

¹² *Much must be forgot,*

E'er Tancred can forget his Sigismunda? Tan. and Sigis.

¹³ The surnames of two bards, that will be an honour to
Great Britain as long as her present language is known. The
first the greatest epic poet that ever existed; the last so great a
dramatic genius, that to him (to imitate his own phrase)

— *All the NINE did seem to set their seals,*

To give the world assurance of a bard.

To this note Dr. HUMBUG hath added, "I am sorry to inform
the world, these two immortal men were such latitudinarians
in morals, that the former was a rebel, and the latter a deer-
stealer."

¹⁴ *If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,*

I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom:

Oh, I shall drown thee with my sorrows. Venice Preserv'd.

Mad. Forbear ¹⁵

This unprevailing woe — Alas! 'tis more
Than death to see thee weep! ¹⁶ — but we must
part —

O! I could curse this idle bubble, honour;
This fashionable frenzy, that enslaves
The mob polite, that tears me from thy arms? —
Farewel, my Love! — why dost thou hang upon
me? —

Release me! give me way! — let go my arm!

Trul. Thou shalt not leave me.

Mad. Shalt not! have a care;

Thou'lt wake the slumb'ring lyon in my breast: ¹⁷
Do not provoke my rage too far — thou know'st
My hasty temper — quit thy stubborn hold,
Or, by the gods, I'll force thee to forego it!

Trul. Behold my streaming eyes —

Mad. Ha! shall the tears ¹⁸

Of abject importunity detain me,
While vengeance, striding from his grizly den
With fell impatience, grinds his iron teeth,
And waits my nod, to satisfy his hunger? —
Not all the tears, that ever yet were shed,
Could stop my rapid course — May Jove exhaust ¹⁹
His thunder on my head! may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the Prick-louse, till his blood

Affuage

¹⁵ *Cost to the ground this unprevailing woe.*

Hamlet.

¹⁶ An expression dragg'd into almost every tragedy.

¹⁷ Our author hath borrow'd this image, but I cannot satisfy
the reader's curiosity from whence.

Dr. HUMBUG.

¹⁸ This hemistich, and the four following lines, which, for their
sublimity, may be rank'd with any in the *English* language, are
taken verbatim from *Boadicia*.

¹⁹ ——— May heaven exhaust

*Its thunders on my head; may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitif till his blood
Affuage my parch'd revenge.*

Regicide.

Affuage my parch'd revenge — Oh! my TRULLETTA! ²⁰

Or give me way; or thou'rt no more my friend.

Trul. Help, SCULLIONA! SCULLIONA, help
To save my raging bard!

Mad. To save me so, ²¹

Were but to lose me surer — quit me, fair ones!

Trul. For pity's sake —

Mad. With thee a kneeling world ²²

Should sue in vain — Unhand me, gentlewomen! ²³

By hell! I'll make a ghost of her that lets me! —

Nay 'tis in vain to strive — no force can hold me —

Let BROUGHTON, or let SLACK do what he may, ²⁴

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

(breaks from them.)

SCENE III.

TRULLETTA, SCULLIONA.

Trul. Then go, inhuman bard! begone for ever —
I vainly hop'd TRULLETTA's eyes had power
To check th' impetuous fallies of his rage —

So

²⁰ ——— *Oh Roffano!*

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend. Fair Penitent.

²¹ ——— *To save him so,*

Were but to lose him surer.

Merope.

Very sublime and laconic!

Dr. HUMBUG.

²² As I cannot recollect from what author I have borrow'd this sentiment, I should take it as a favour, if the said author, or his ghost would give me a letter (post paid) to inform me in which of his performances it may be found; in which case I assure him, that honourable mention shall be made of it in the next publication of this tragedy, if my bookseller have the good fortune to get off the present edition, and courage to venture on a second.

²³ ——— *Unhand me, gentlemen;*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. Hamlet.

²⁴ This, and the following line, a parody from the tragedy last mention'd. As these two heroes are so universally known, it would be loss of time to say any thing about them. Dr. HUM.

So have I heard, with equal suddenness,²⁵
 Ebbing prodigiously the sea withdraw,
 And quite defenceless left the scaly race.
 The huge scate, which e'er while with wanton pride
 Spread his broad fins, and lash'd the foaming tide,
 Vainly essay'd to suck the faithless flood
 With heaving gills, and tumbled in the mud.
 The lobsters, whose great trunks the stars could
 reach
 Flounc'd their huge claws, and panted on the beach.
 So have my hopes, whose waves e'er while ran o'er,
 And to the skies my towering wishes bore,
 Retir'd, and left me gasping on the shore.

S C E N E IV.

The Street.

MADRIGAL.

²⁶ Where is this hero, famous and renown'd
 For killing vermin, and for botching cloaths? —
 What ho! BUCKRAMO!

S C E N E V.

MADRIGAL, BUCKRAMO.

Buck. Ha! who calls BUCKRAMO,
 With lungs so loud, and vehemence so great?

It

²⁵ This simile, which, for its beauty, propriety, elegance, (and I may justly add, conciseness) for it only consists of *twelve lines*, may be called the master-piece of simile. Allowing the alterations of *scate* for *dolphin*, and *lobster* for *whale*; it is almost verbatim as in the sublime original, which may be found in the close of the third act of *Abra-Mule*, a tragedy written by a *Levitical play-wright*. — My punning friend, on reading this simile, replied, “*So, I see you understand TRAP.*”

²⁶ *Where is this herce, famous and renown'd
 For wronging innocence, and breaking vows.*

Orphan.

Is it the voice of thunder, or of man? ²⁷

Mad. Of one, that comes to scourge thy insolence,
Presuming arrogant! unletter'd slave! ²⁸
Thou little more than a bare tythe of manhood!

Buck. The lewdest sland'rer, that e'er broach'd
abuse, ²⁹

Came short of this—Take note, take note, gods, ³⁰
Of this reproachful calumny—This railer,
With breath envenom'd, impiously affirms,
Your human figures are but decimals,
But tythes of manhood—Vile, licentious cur!
The very dogs would spurn thy wretched carcase;
Because—it scarce would furnish out a meal.
Go hence! buy food! and get thee into flesh! ³¹
'Twould grieve my very soul to grace a gibbet
For killing but a shadow.

Mad. This from thee!

Thou seeming semblance of the human form,
Made from the shreds, and clippings of mankind! ³²
Are not thy cross-legg'd tribe th'un sifted mold,

The

²⁷ *Buckramo* seems to be in the same perplexity with *Calista*, where she says,

Is it the voice of thunder, or my father? Fair Penitent.

That such mistake in sounds may not appear unnatural, to the tragic already quoted, I shall add a comic authority, which comes from the mouth of no less ingenious a personage, than Mr. *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*.

Archer. "Did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?"

Scrub. "I did hear something that sounded that way, but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda I could not distinguish."

²⁸ The altercation in this scene between our two heroes, seems to be a distant imitation of that spirited conference between *Horatio* and *Lothario* in the *Fair Penitent*.

²⁹ One would naturally imagine from this verse, that Mr. *Theobald*, whom envy itself (notwithstanding *Pope's* sarcasm, viz. SHAKESPEAR OF TIBBALD fore) must allow to be a judicious editor, had been a tapster, as well as a critick and play-wright—The curious reader may find the above image in the *Fatal Secret*.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁰ Take note, take note, O world.

Othello.

³¹ — buy food and get thee into flesh. Romeo and Juliet.

³² A king of shreds and patches.

Hamlet.

And make this stand'rer feel, to poet's ears,
How sharper, than a serpent's tooth, it is ³⁶
To hear a thankless railer ——— (rises.

Mark me, caitif!

No single life can expiation make
For this abuse — chuse thou a hundred Knights
Of Cabbage, skill'd in chivalry and arms;
My self, in opposition, will select
As many Garretters — To morrow night,
At twelve, our different prowess shall be tried
On *Smithfield's* flinty plains — Dare ye the combat?

Buck. What is beyond the daring of my tribe?
Why, I will meet thee at *West-Smithfield* then. ³⁷

SCENE VI.

MADRIGAL.

To-morrow — oh! my better stars, to morrow! — ³⁸
(My gracious stars! I mean to-morrow night)
Exert your influence! shine strongly for me! —
But, wherefore should I doubt? — now will I steal
To my dear Love, and with assuasive sounds
Allay her sorrow's ferment ——— (knocks at the door.
Gone to sleep! —

She cannot yet! — again — once more — (knocks.

SCUL-

³⁶ *How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.*

King Lear.

³⁷ *Why, I will meet thee at Philippi then!*

Julius Caesar.

³⁸ I cannot help taking notice that our hero's address to the stars is much more rational, than that of *Lothario*, who says,

To-morrow — oh, my better stars, to-morrow

Exert your influence, shine strongly for me!

Fair Penitent.

The combat propos'd by the *Genoese* duelists was to be at ten in the morning; wherefore a petition for the stars to *shine strongly for him* in the forenoon, must certainly border a little on the absurd. Our author was within an ace of falling into Mr. ROWE's mistake; but perceiving the blunder, he sensibly checks himself, and adds,

My gracious stars, I mean to-morrow night.

Dr. HUMBUG.

SCULLIONA. (*at the window*) Who's there,³⁹
That comes so rudely to disturb the house?

Mad. 'Tis I — the bard.

Scul. You have no business here;
My mistress ne'er will see you more — good night.

Mad. Blast to my soul's best hope!⁴⁰ — ne'er see
me more! —

Chaos is come again⁴¹ — and I am — nothing —⁴²
Henceforth I'll live a sad recluse from man,
And in some shady grove, or lonely cell,
Or garret of stupendous height, inclos'd,
(Retirements blest!) where CLIO, heavenly muse,
To whom the rapt'rous charms of song pertain,
Holds frequent visitation, will I write
Ten thousand ditties in TRULLETTA's praise —
TRULLETTA! most irradiate nymph, in whom
Perfection centers: in whose form the gods
Infus'd an angel's soul: whose fulgent eyes,
With brilliant sparkle, strike adorers thro'
The heart, the lights, the liver, and the — guts:
With her my ditties shall begin; with her
My endless ditties end. Her I'll pursue
Thro' all the vast infinity of thought.
Till death to worms, insatiate cannibals,
Consigns this frame, and sends my widow'd soul
To regions unexplor'd; to realms opake,
Where boiling *Tartarus* roars — Oh! how unlike
The bubbling musick of a purling stream,
Or gently-murmuring rill! to quaff, instead
Of *Helicon*, whole gulps of brimstone down —
Unfragrant bev'rige! unpoetic juice!

³⁹ Flo. *Whose there,
That comes so rudely to disturb our rest?*
Caf. 'Tis I.

⁴⁰ *Blast to my soul's best hope.*
A very poetical note of interjection.

⁴¹ *Chaos is come again.*

⁴² *I now am — nothing.*

Orphan.
Merope.
Dr. HUMBUG.
Othello.
Orphan.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

MADRIGAL, SCURELLA.

Scour. O miserable hour! ill-fated maid!

Mad. What of my Love? — O my portending
foul!

Scour. Ah fatal day to me! poor SCULLIONA ⁴³
Now touches her last moments — as she climb'd
Into the garret, her too-faithless foot
Slipp'd from the ladder's topmast round; she fell,
And with the fall expires.

Mad. O ill-starr'd wench! ⁴⁴

Scour. I saw her in her pangs — her out-stretch'd
eye ⁴⁵

Strain'd with a death-mix'd tenderness on mine —
But thy relenting mistress craves an ode,
From thy great muse, for her endanger'd friend.
The pious maid a holy visit means
To Guildhall's dome, with solemn invocation,
To sue the GOGAN and MAGOGAN gods, ⁴⁶
For danger'd SCULLIONA's lengthen'd life —
Haste to the cheerless maid, while I in quest
Of barber-surgeon trudge — O cursed spite! ⁴⁷
That ever I was born to fetch the wight!

An *Invocation* to GOG and MAGOG.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

⁴³ *A fatal day to Sicily! — The king*

Then touches last moments? Tancred and Sigismunda.

⁴⁴ ——— O ill-star'd wench!

Othello.

⁴⁵ ——— His out-stretch'd eye

Strain'd with a death-mix'd tenderness on mine.

Merope.

*As out-stretch'd an image as ever was strain'd from a muse-mix'd
brain.*

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴⁶ Gog and Magog, the tutelary deities of Guildhall, vulgarly
called the giants.

⁴⁷ *The time is out of joint — O cursed spite!*

That ever I was born to set it right.

Hamlet.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*An Apartment.**(Thunder and
Lightning.)*

TRULLETTA, SCOURELLA.

Trul. **H** Eaven's! 'tis a fearful night! ¹
Scour. Tho' age hath snow'd ²
 Almost thrice twenty winters on my head,
 I never saw a night so terrible —
 Most terrible indeed — The moon's eclips'd;
³ The stars sleep in their sockets: scarce a ray
 Of light t'illumine the welkin's pitchy cope,
 But what the sheeted light'ning's flash affords.
 The bursting thunder roars with frightful crack,
 As if heaven's magazines were blowing up.
 The blust'ring *Boreas*, like a bully, storms,
 And threatens to unhinge earth's mass, which rocks
 Affrighted on its axis, like a sign.
 Owls, magpies, ravens on the chimney tops
 Screech, chatter, croak: geese cackle, crickets chirp,
 Dogs

¹ Many of our tragic authors have judiciously usher'd in a dreadful night, by way of prologue or preparative to the catastrophe of their plays. Such preparative seldom fails of success, as it throws a gloomy melancholy o'er the mind, and renders the reader, or audience, more susceptible of the ensuing distress of the performance. It further serves to heighten the character of the hero, or heroine; for certainly nothing can be a stronger proof of the dignity and importance of any personage, than when we are convinced, that even nature itself is mourning the impending fall of her favourites.

² ——— Till age

Hath snow'd a hundred winters on thy head.

Constantine.

The word *snow'd*, in the sense now implied, is a favourite metaphor with a variety of authors; yet I am of opinion the thought would be mended, if it were chang'd to *hail'd*.

³ ——— This dull flame

Sleeps in the socket.

Fair Penitent.

Dogs howl, cats mew, pigs squeak, and asses bray,
In concert dissonant.⁴

Trul. 'Tis said, strange fights
Appear ith' air?

Scour. Ten thousand hags and wizzards,
On broomsticks mounted, thro' the frightful sky
Gallop apace their fiery footless steeds —⁶
Squadrons of bodkins, prefs-boards, yardwands,
sheers,

'Gainst penknives, sheets of paper, inkhorns, quills,
Appear drawn up in battailous array⁷ —
Such fights seem certain prologue to the fall
Of mightiest empires, or the crush of worlds.

Trul. What is this puny tempest in the sky,

To

⁴ This speech is certainly the finest night piece that ever was drawn.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁵ Our author, in the following speech, seems to have had the prodigies in *Julius Caesar* in view.

Ibid.

⁶ Gallop apace your fiery-footed steeds

Romeo and Juliet.

⁷ What a triumph must this, and a few of the preceding lines, afford a half-finish'd critick? how will he swell with his wonderful discovery? Methinks I hear him exulting to the following effect. — "I thought I should catch our author tripping! A few lines ago he tells us it was a very dark night; and yet an old woman of sixty, whose sight we may naturally imagine to be none of the best, is able to discern with the naked eye such minute objects as bodkins and inkhorns in the air." To such critick I shall reply, and pray what is there unnatural in all this? Might not the light'ning enable our matron to make such discovery? Tho' her eyes were none of the best, yet she might discern these objects through her spectacles; nay, possibly, thro' a telescope. But pray, Sir, who inform'd you of the size of bodkins and inkhorns, which you arbitrarily call such minute objects? Not our author I'm confident. For any thing you know to the contrary, they might be as large as a maypole; nay, as the Monument itself. In short, Sir, if you knew any thing of the figure *HYPERBOLE*, which every author hath a right to use, you would have been silent on this occasion. — Besides, with all your sagacity, you cannot even tell whether *SCOURELLA* really saw them or no; from the relation she gives, she may be as naturally suppos'd to have taken the account from those that had seen them, as that she had seen them herself, for it is no uncommon thing now-a-days to see with other people's eyes.

Dr. HUMBUG.

To that my bosom feels! my mind's surcharg'd
 With ominous presage — No joy, no comfort
 Remains, but what the hopes of lengthen'd life
 To SCULLIONA leave — would I were plac'd
 With my dear father in his cold last bed! —
 I shall not long survive him.

S C E N E II.

TRULLETTA, SCoureLLA, BUTTONELLI, THIM-
 BLETONIO.

Trul. BUTTONELLI,
 And THIMBLETONIO, have you seen my bard?

But. Thim. We have.

Trul. Thanks, BUTTONELL; and, gentle THIM-
 BLETONIO.⁸

Scour. Thanks, THIMBLETON; and, gentle BUT-
 TONELLI.

Trul. Is he alive and well?

But. He and BUCKRAMO,
 With each a hundred squires, are now preparing —

Thim. For dire encounter on the plains of *Smith-*
field.

Scour. O fly with me, TRULLETTA! and prevent
 The broil fraternal.

Trul. Broil fraternal! ha! —

⁹ Let all, except SCoureLLA, leave the room —
 (*Exeunt But. and Thim.*)

What mean'st thou — by fraternal?

Scour. Ask no more;
 The secret I'll unravel as we go.

⁸ *King.* Thanks, Rosencraus, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencraus.

Hamlet.

⁹ Let all, except Gonfalez, leave the room. Mourning Bride.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

West-Smithfield.

(a flourish.

MADRIGAL, LYRIC, ACROSTIC, FUSTIANO,
EPIGRAM, and their party.

Mad. The storm subsides : the full-orb'd moon
illumes,
With silver beams, yon cloudless canopy,
And seems, my friends ! to smile upon our cause ¹⁰—
My fellow-warriors ! brethren of the muse !
Remember this is the PHARSALIAN field,
That must immortalize the name of Bard,
Or blast it with eternal infamy —
But hark ! yon trumpet speaks th'approaching foe—
Charge you their right, ACROSTIC — I and LYRIC
The center — FUSTIANO, you the left —
You, EPIGRAM, must wheel your phalanx round,
And, as your rhyming custom always is,
Gall, sting them in the rear — now draw your ink-
horns,
And on them make this great, this solemn vow,
(Or else my penknife, with unbatter'd edge, ¹¹

I'll

¹⁰ As the *sun*, by a variety of tragic writers, is describ'd capable of *laughing*, I hope it will not be denied our author to paint the *moon* capable of *smiling*.

¹¹ Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I'll sheath again undeeded.

Macbeth.

As I intend in a few months to give the world a compleat edition of SHAKESPEAR'S works, in twenty volumes in folio, it may not, in this place, be amiss to give a specimen of my critical abilities. My 475th note on the tragedy of *Macbeth* runs thus :

“ Though all the stream of editions concur in reading,

“ Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge,

“ I'll sheath again undeeded. —

“ yet I am persuaded our immortal poet, who never wrote a
E line

I'll sheath again undeeded) that each bard,
 Who 'scapes the battle's rage, in pompous lays
 Will paint the glories of a brother slain;
 That every son of verse, who falls this night,
 May live immortal in a brother's song — ¹²
 Your inkhorns to your lips ¹³ — this do you
 swear; ¹⁴

As rhyme and numbers at your most need help you.

All. We swear.

Mad. Then let us all embrace.

Ac. Now on.

Fuf. The tecbir?

Mad. *Clio*, and *Trulletta's* eyes. ¹⁵

" line of fustian in his life, could not be guilty of such a turgid
 " expression. I shall therefore propose three several readings,
 " one of which our poet certainly wrote:

1. " *Or else my sword with an unsparter'd edge,*

" *I'll sheath again unspeeded.* —

" as if he had said, *or else my sword, with edge unsprinkled,*
 " *or unsmeared, with human gore, I'll sheath again unspeeded,*
 " 1. *e.* unsuccessful.

2. " *Or else my sword, with an unbattled edge,*

" *I'll sheath again unbleded* — that is, *unbloody.*

3. " *Or else my sword, with man-unbatten'd edge,*

" *I'll sheath again in dead hide.* —

" q. d. *or else my sword, with edge unbatten'd, or unfatten'd*
 " *with man, or the blood of man, I'll sheath again in dead*
 " *hide; that is, in the scabbard.* To illustrate this image more
 " fully, it may not be amiss to add, that scabbards are generally
 " made of *dead hides*, or leather. I am apt to think, from the
 " analogy of sound between *in dead hide*, and *undeeded*, that such
 " corruption hath crept into the text. Dr. HUMBUGH.

¹² The concern of our hero for the immortality of his poetical brethren, is certainly a very masterly stroke. Dr. HUMBUGH.

¹³ Probably a distant imitation of

But still your fingers on your lips, my friends.

Hamlet.

¹⁴ — This do you swear,

As grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Hamlet.

¹⁵ *The sword is victory, and Eudocia's eyes.* Siege Damascus.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

(a flourish.

BUCKRAMO, GOOSINO, BODKINDA, PRESSBOARDALIO, YARDWANDELLI, and the rest of their party.

Buck. Thy train-band lore in martial science asks
The chief command, GOOSINO — be it thine —
BODKINDA, PRESSBOARDALIO, YARDWANDELLI,
Sons of the needle all, the foes at hand,
Now act like men; or by yon azure heaven —¹⁶

Goof. The word of onset?

Buck Cabbage, and Saint George.

Goof. Then, slaughter and black vengeance, fall
on gruff;

And damn'd be they that first cry, *bold, enough.*¹⁷
(fight off the stage.

SCENE V.

BUCKRAMO, and a TAYLOR.

Buck. Haste to GOOSINO, bid him turn his force
On EPIGRAM, or all is lost: our rear
Gives way — by hell, they fly! the dastards fly! —
Perdition! sulphur! vengeance! death and de-
vils!¹⁸ (Excursions.

SCENE VI.

MADRIGAL.

¹⁹ A shield! a shield! my Genius for a shield!
I think there be ten BUCKRAMS in the field,
Nine

¹⁶ This line from *Cato*.

¹⁷ ——— Fall on, Macduff;

And damn'd be he that first cries hold, enough. Macbeth.

¹⁸ *Distraction! fury! sorrow, shame and death.* Fair Penitent.

¹⁹ This, and the three following lines, an imitation of a
speech in King *Richard the Third*.

Nine I have slain to-day instead of him.
A shield! a shield! my Genius for a shield!

Excursions.

SCENE VII.

EPIGRAM, BODKINDA, and three of BUCKRAMO'S
Party.

1st Taylor. Submit, or die.

Ep. No: such divinity ²⁰

Doth hedge a bard, that my great spirit smiles ²¹
At your drawn bodkins, and defies their points —
The gods take care of EPIGRAM. ²²

1st Tay. Then this

To try their care.

2d Tay. And this.

3d Tay. And this.

Bod. And this.

Ep. *Et tu*, BODKINDA? — then fall EPIGRAM. ²³
(Dies.)

Bod. This for thy coat unpaid — thy waistcoat
this — ²⁴

And this thy breeches — now to further slaughter.

Excursions.

²⁰ *There's such divinity doth hedge a king.*

Hamlet.

A bard might as reasonably expect such *divine* hedge as a regicide, parricide, adulterer and usurper.

Dr. HUMBUG.

²¹ *The soul secure in her existence, smiles*

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

Cato.

²² *The gods take care of Cato!*

Ibid.

²³ *Et tu, Brute — then fall Cæsar.*

Julius Cæsar.

A very pathetic last dying speech!

Dr. HUMBUG.

²⁴ ——— *This for my Father;*

This for Sciolto; and this last for Altamont. Fair Penitent.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MADRIGAL, LYRIC, and Bards in pursuit.

Mad. ²⁵ *Victoria! Victoria!* they fly!
Like hares pursued the base plebeans fly! —
Io triumphe! — such another blow
Will end the war, and crown with victory
Compleat our arms puissant — valiant LYRIC!
The greatest chief, antiquity can boast,
Might wonder at the wonders thou hast done.
How shall acknowledgment enough reward ²⁶
Thy worth unparallel'd?

Ly. You touch me there,
Where modesty most exquisitely feels. ²⁷
You bleed, my prince!

Mad. A scratch from BUCKRAM's point:
No more.

SCENE IX.

MADRIGAL, LYRIC, POET.

Po. Away, my chief; the day is lost!
Goosino to the flying foe oppos'd
His ireful point, and cut off all retreat —
Like hunted boars, in wild despair they turn'd
On their pursuers, madly fought, and conquer'd —
Heaps of *Parnassian* carcases are pil'd
Olympus-high — ACROSTIC bites the plain —
FUSTIANO fled — scarce half a score of bards

Are

²⁵ As Mr. BAYES makes his two kings speak *French* to shew their breeding; our author makes his heroe speak *Latin*, to shew his education. A dash of *Latin* gives great spirit to tragic writings, and is often us'd with great success by dramatic authors.

²⁶ *How shall acknowledgment enough reward*

Thy worth unparallel'd?

Regicide.

²⁷ — That wounds me there; there, where the human heart

Most exquisitely feels.

Tancred and Sigismunda.

Are left alive to grace the victor's car.

Mad. Death and damnation! oh! ²⁸

Po. I bring alas!

Yet heavier tidings — With dishevell'd hair,

²⁹ Thy mobless queen rush'd through the ranks of death,

Almost alone, amidst a croud of foes, ³⁰

In search of thee — a random bodkin reach'd

Her tender bosom — but I can no more —

Tears choak my utt'rance.

Mad. O ye cruel gods!

SCENE X.

To them TRULLETTA, supported by her Pages.

Trul. Now have I reach'd my wishes utmost goal ³¹

To die in MADRIGAL's blest arms.

Mad. Alas!

³² The iron hand of death is on thee — e'er

Life's lamp be quite extinguish'd, speak, oh! speak

Some peace, some comfort to thy mournful bard!

Trul: May the shrill catcall's knell, the boxes
sincer, ³³

The

²⁸ ——— *Death and damnation, oh!*

Othello.

²⁹ Probably in imitation of
the mobled queen.

Hamlet.

³⁰ *But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a croud of foes.*

Fair Penitent.

³¹ I should be glad to inform the reader from whom this image is borrow'd. I have read upwards of two hundred plays to find it, but in vain. — Our author acknowledges it is not his own, but cannot recollect from whom it is taken.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³² A very pertinent epithet as *Trulletta* was slain by a bodkin; and, in my opinion, as beautiful as the *iron teeth* in *Boadicia*. See note 18 in the fourth act.

³³ This dying speech and prayer of our heroine is an original, and perhaps one of the finest pieces of dramatic painting in the whole world of literature.

Dr. HUMBUG.

The hiss of faction, or the templar's groan,
Ne'er blast thy muse's offspring on the stage!
But heels, sticks, hands, in thund'ring peals, attend
Thy race dramatic to their thrice-third night —
May ever-blooming laurels crown thy brow,
And fame — immortal fame — the rest is silence.

(Dies.

Mad. Dead! dead! oh dead! — is there no
death for me? ³⁴

Ly. Hold thy rash hand — this widow'd isle
would mourn,

³⁵ In tears of blood, the loss of such a bard.
Think of immortal fame, and deathless honours —
Live, and pursue the labours of thy muse;
And all eternity is thine.

Mad. How die ³⁶

The thoughts of death in friendship's soft persua-
sion! —

Yes thou hast rous'd me into life again,
And last posterity's posterity ³⁷
Shall bless thee for thy counsel — Gods! cruel gods!
Take notice, I forgive you ³⁸ — yet, my LYRIC!
Something like poison courses thro' my veins, ³⁹
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.

Ly. 'Tis fancy all — and yet thy looks are
chang'd.

³⁴ Dead! dead! oh, dead! Is there no death for me?

Sophonisba.

³⁵ Tears of blood frequently occur in tragic productions.

— These tears, which from my wounded heart,

Bleed at my eyes.

Spanish Friar.

³⁶ How die the thoughts of death!

Brothers.

An uncommon expression, but of vast force, and significancy.

Dr. HUMBUG.

³⁷ A very beautiful thought, yet it savours pretty strong of
Tipperary.

Ibid.

³⁸ Gods! cruel gods, take notice, I forgive you.

Theodosius.

An instance of great benevolence and charity!

Dr. HUMBUG:

³⁹ Some deadly draught, some enemy to life,

Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.

Don Sebastian.

Mad. Let me sink gently down on the cold
ground —

O I am all on fire! a thousand hells
Blaze in my bosom! streams of molten lead ⁴⁰
Hiss thro' my veins, and burn my body up —
LYRIC! I die — my posthumous productions ⁴¹
I leave to thy correcting hand — with care,
O! with the greatest care, my dearest friend,
Revise, and to the flames commit whate'er
Shall seem unworthy my great muse — my fame
Is in thy hands — Remember the vast trust —
⁴² My grateful ghost shall rise to thank thee for't.

SCENE XI.

MADRIGAL, LYRIC, BUCKRAMO, STRAPADA,
SCOURELLA, GOOSINO, BODKINDA, PRESSBOARD-
DALIO, YARDWANDELLI, *Pages, and the conquer-
ing Party, with Prisoners.*

Buck. Got by a templar, while my father liv'd ⁴³
In cruel exile on *Columbian* shores! ⁴⁴
Then I am sentenc'd to eternal woe! —
Eternal? yes, eternal, and eternal — ⁴⁵

Ho-

⁴⁰ *A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels.* Alexander.

⁴¹ This paternal regard in our hero for the orphan children
of his brain, is a very masterly touch. Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴² I cannot recollect from whence this image is taken.

⁴³ Our author, more sensibly to heighten the distress of the
piece, hath judiciously brought about a discovery that cannot
fail of having its proper effect. Discoveries of this kind, and
introduced for the same purpose, are frequently met with in dra-
matic writings. Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴⁴ This cruel exile probably means transportation. This
conjecture seems to be strengthen'd by what we are told of
BUCKRAMO's father in the first act, viz. that he
pendent died

On gallows tree.

Ibid.

⁴⁵ *Eternal? yes, eternal; and eternal.*

Brothers.

Our author might have mended this line, both as to sense and
sound, if he had not stuck so close to the DOCTOR — as thus:

Eternal? Yes, eternal; and infernal.

Honour'd SCouRELLA, had I known but this
A little hour ago ⁴⁶ we might have liv'd
In amity fraternal — but alas!
When stern BELLONA seem'd, with step-dame look,
To lour upon our arms, I daub'd this point
⁴⁷ With unguent, bought of mountebank, so pois'-
nous,

That if the *Æsculapian* deity,
Instead of my poor brother, had been scratch'd,
⁴⁸ In half an hour the god himself were mortal.

Goof. Then thou hast done a deed the very devils
Would startle at — secure the murd'ring chief.

Mad. (raving) Ha! who art thou with catcall
in thy hand, ⁴⁹

Whose looks malign, and yellow eyes bespeak
A jaundic'd mind? — by hell! thou art the monster
Yclep'd a critick — seize him, devils! seize him!
Whip him with scorpion's stings, and rods of iron!
Roast him in elemental fire, and baste
His hissing frame with boiling sulphur, mix'd
With his own gall.

Scou.

⁴⁶ *This hand —*

A little hour ago was given to me.

Tan. and Sigif.

By the phrase of *little hour*, I presume we are to understand
about three quarters of an hour.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴⁷ *And for this purpose I'll anoint my sword:*

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal —

that no cataplasm so rare —

— can save the thing from death,

That is but scratch'd withal.

Hamlet.

This long quotation I have thought proper to give, that the
reader might not too hastily imagine the manner of our hero's
death in the least unnatural.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁴⁸ *— A poison of such deadly force,*

Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours,

(For then it works) the god himself were mortal.

Alexander the Great.

⁴⁹ In this, and the following speeches of our hero, the author
hath shewn uncommon abilities for painting a mad scene. I
must ingenuously own, I think it the most natural madness I
ever met with.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Scou. O my poor raging child!

Buck. O monster! monster! (*beats his breast.*

Mad. Zembla's isles of ice

Are in me — how I shiver! — cold! cold! cold!

(⁵⁰ *Ghosts of Cabbagino and Trulletta rise.*)

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend me! — ⁵¹

They wave me — stay, ye dear illusions; stay! ⁵²

I come to join you. (*Ghosts descend.*

Ly. Help! O help to hold him!

Mad. Hark! how it thunders! — what a flash was there!

The temple's all on fire — see how the naked clerks

And gownless vestals from the windows leap,

To 'scape the flaming ruin — off your ruffian hands,

Ye damn'd inhuman dogs — ye shall not part us —

⁵³ Nor life, nor death, nor heaven, nor hell shall part us —

TRULLETTA — oh! they tear — they tear thee from me —

My feeble arms can hold — no longer hold thee —

⁵⁴ Oh my TRULLETTA — TRULLY — TRULL — oh! oh! (*Dies.*

Ly. He's gone! the great, th' immortal bard is gone!

Press. There crack'd the cordage of a noble heart. ⁵⁵

Goof.

⁵⁰ The ghosts of our heroine, and her father, seem to rise on the same important business with those of *Jaffiere* and *Pierre* in *Venice Preserved*.

Dr. HUMBUG.

⁵¹ *Angels, and ministers of grace defend us.*

Hamlet.

⁵² — *Stay, illusion!*

Ibid.

⁵³ *Nor gods nor men shall part us.*

Victim.

⁵⁴ This seems to be an imitation of a celebrated actor, who hath the happy art of clipping language in his mock agonies, as

Oh, Juliet — July — oh!

⁵⁵ *Now cracks the cordage of a noble heart!*

Hamlet.

Our author shews more of the tradesman, than the bard, in the mention of an hempen manufacture; though I think, as a tradesman, it is not much to his credit to speak of a cracking commodity.

Dr. HUMBUG.

Goof. Then drag your chief to justice.

Buck. Soft, my friends: ⁵⁶

I've done the craft some service, and they know it,
Once in the noon of night, at *Southwark* fair,
When a malignant barber sadly maul'd
A taylor's 'prentice, and traduc'd the trade,
I took by th' throat the circum-dusty dog,
And smote him thus. (*Stabs himself with his bodkin*
Yard. O bloody period! [*and falls.*

Buck. Draw near, STRAPADA — nearer yet — at-
tend

My last request — comfort my mourning mother —
Thou long hast lov'd her — take her to thy arms,
Dispel her griefs, and — cheer her orphan age.

Strap. Thy will shall be religiously observ'd. ⁵⁷

Buck. ⁵⁸ Thus let me thank thee — and — the rest
is — oh! (*Dies.*

Scou. Alas! that in one circling fun alone,
A poor lone mother should her two sons lose!

Strap. The gods enable thee to bear the loss —
Let

⁵⁶ ——— Soft you ———

I've done the state some service, and they know it ———

——— in *Aleppo* once,

Where a malignant, and a turband Turk

Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state:

I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him thus.

O bloody period!

Othello.

⁵⁷ *Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.*

Cato.

⁵⁸ In the representation, instead of this line was added the following speech, which was supply'd by a brother author. Mr. *Davis* perform'd it so inimitably well, that he was oblig'd to rise from the dead to speak it a second time.

I thank thee for't — and now, thou flower of friends,

There's but one favour left for me to ask,

Or thee to grant — I pray thee mark it well —

Report my death, just as thou'lt see me play it —

Observe this struggle — See this wriggling twist —

I grind — I writhe — and now I kick — kick out —

A general shudder runs through all my limbs;

And, with a hollow voice, I groan my last — Oh! oh! oh!

1

[*Dies.*

Let us, my friends, about the sad interment
 Of this unhappy pair — BUCKRAMO's suicide
 Forbids the holy rites of funeral —
 From hence let fierce contending lovers know
 What dire effects from rival discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes each country with alarms,
 Gives up hot *youth* a prey to *youthful* arms:
 Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
⁵⁹ And robs the guilty world of a BARD's life.

A Procession.

THE END.

⁵⁹ This tragedy originally ended with the line,

Forbids the holy rites of funeral —

on which the punning critick before-mention'd observ'd, it was an *immoral* play. Our author took the hint, but could not be prevailed on to annex a moral. I expostulated with him, in the most friendly manner, on the necessity of such termination of the play; but he very *obstinately* and *whimsically* insisted, that a moral, unless drawn up in the epilogue, was unnatural, because it is an immediate address to the audience; which audience, the *speaker*, in his dramatic character, cannot with propriety suppose to be present — that it could not properly be spoken by any of the persons in the drama, unless such person had been present during the whole representation, and was consequently acquainted with every incident in the play — that it was an affront to an audience, to suppose them incapable of drawing a moral from the representation — that it was a modern custom, and, in his opinion,

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance. Hamlet. that many judicious authors had shewn their dislike of such practice, particularly GAY, who severely satiriz'd it in his ingenious and pithy epilogue to the *What d'ye call it*, viz.

Our stage-play has a moral, and no doubt

You all have wit enough to find it out.

and finally, that our immortal SHAKESPEAR seldom or never concluded any of his plays with a moral.

He was so obstinate on the occasion, that it was with no small difficulty I could prevail on him to suffer me to annex the foregoing moral; which the reader may perceive is taken, with slight alteration, from the most finish'd tragedy, that any language hath yet produced, I mean Mr. ADDISON's *Cato*.

As

As I have now ended my annotations, and occasionally scatter'd a few *encomia* on the play, it will be naturally expected I should give my summary opinion of its merits, which I shall deliver, not so much with the candour of the friend, as the impartiality of the critick. I shall divide the subject of my remarks into three heads, viz. the fable, the manners, and the diction.

As to the fable — but it had quite slipt my memory, that the printer's boy hath been waiting this half hour at my elbow for the finishing note, wherefore I must defer my criticism, till the next edition of this tragedy.

Dr. HUMBUG.

EPILOGUE.

Design'd to be spoken by SCOURELLA.

FROM the dear swain, who promises to wed me,
My curiosity hath hither led me,
To know what fate attends our author's lays;
Videlicet, the halter, or the bays —
You've heard the cause his buskin'd fortunes rest on;
To damn, or not to damn, is now the question:
Yet e'er his awful judges come to sentence,
List, list, O! list to me, your late acquaintance.
Behind the curtain our dramatic Wight,
(I never saw more miserable sight)
Stalks o'er the stage in deep-dejected air,
A living monument of sad despair,
Soliloquizing thus — “*The die is thrown;*
And I must stand or fall by — what? — the town —
The town — perhaps the criticks — there's the rub —
The town encourages, the criticks snub
An author's hope — but how to mercy bend 'em —
I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em. [Pulling out a halter.
Such his complaint, so pitiful his moan,
It would have mollified a heart of stone.
I've told his case to make you cry — or laugh.
Now for a word or two in his behalf.
Ladies and Gents, our bard's but a beginner,
'Twere pity to cut off so young a sinner:
Even *justice* sometimes strains a statute's sense,
To spare a Culprit, in his first offence.
Receive this novel brat with kind applause,
And, if I'm read in divination's laws,
I prophecy — ay, now begin your laughter —
Our *hempen bard* will please you all *hereafter*.

ODE to the proceſſion, at the end of the
third act.

A I R.

HARK! the bell, with doleful hum,
To the lagging corſe cries *come*.
To the lagging corſe the bell,
Sounds, with doleful hum, this knell.
CABBAGINO, *come away!*
Hasten to thy kindred clay!
To thy kindred clay, O haſte!
Faſter yet, and yet more faſt;
To thy kindred clay, O come!
Sounds the bell with doleful hum."

RÉCITATIVE.

When law had *hemm'd* on death, his foll'wer,
To take our maſter by the collar,
We *preſſ'd* him, with our low beſeeches,
To pocket up all former breaches,
Nor ſit in's *ſkirts* with ſuch fell ſtriſe,
To prick him off the liſt of life.
As buckram ſtiff, the *croſs-grain'd* glutton,
Regarding not our ſuit a button;
Replies, give o'er your *ſleeveleſs* whining,
I'll have the *body*, *hell* the lining;
Then *fingeing* hot pluck'd out his *ſhears*,
Cut off the remnant of his years.

A I R.

Mourn, ye beaus, with drooping head;
Mourn, your *ſecond maker* dead.
When nature botch'd the human ſhape,
And 'ſtead of man produc'd an *ape*,
Our ſage's art repair'd the flaw,
And from an *ape* a *beau* could draw:

CHORUS.

Mourn, ye beaus, with drooping head;
Mourn, your *ſecond maker* dead.

GRAND CHORUS,

Hark! the bell, with doleful hum,
Cries, O CABBAGINO! *come*.
CABBAGINO, *come away!*
Hasten to thy kindred clay!
Hasten to thy kindred tomb!
CABBAGINO! *come, come, come*.

ODE to GOG and MAGOG, at the end of the
fourth act.

MADRIGAL.

GUARDIAN LARES of Guildhall,
Hear a mournful suppliant's call!

TRULLETTA.

Hear a mournful suppliant's call,
Guardian LARES of Guildhall!

CHIEF PRIEST.

With guardful eye, great GOG attend,
The health of our endanger'd friend!
MAGOG, attend with guardful eye,
Poor SCULLIONA's agony!

MAGOG and GOG, each, both attend,
The health of our endanger'd friend!

CHORUS of PRIESTS and VIRGINS.

MAGOG and GOG, each, both attend,
The health of our endanger'd friend!

CHIEF PRIEST.

Permit not death, with cruel strife,
To blast her in the *spring* of life;
But, in compassion to our prayers,
To *summer's* verge extend her years;
And when so far you've kindly brought 'em,
Protract her mortal date to *autumn*;
And do not then, like niggards, stint her,
But let her live to age's *winter*.

CHORUS.

And do not then, &c.

CHIEF PRIEST.

The longest life of mortal man,
Is but a short, a little span;
Then fend not death, your ghastly porter,
To cut that little span yet shorter.

CHORUS.

Then fend not death, &c.

CHIEF PRIEST.

GOG and MAGOG, hear, O hear!
GOG and MAGOG, lend an ear!
GOG and MAGOG hear, and save,
SCULLY from a present grave!
SCULLY's danger'd health restore,
GOG and MAGOG, we implore!
GOG and MAGOG, we implore,
SCULLY's danger'd health restore!

CHORUS.

GOG and MAGOG hear, O hear! &c.

ODE for the procession, at the end of the fifth act.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS and BARDS.

HE's fled, he's gone! th' immortal bard,
Whose song would charm a savage pard,
Fled to return no more!

Parnassus drops its towering head,

Apollo wails the fav'rite dead;

His loss the NINE deplore.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS and VIRGINS.

She's fled! the lovely nymph is gone!

Whose charms would fire a breast of stone;

Fled never to return!

Diana and the *Cyprian* queen,

With ceaseless sighs, and triftful mien,

Their breathless fav'rite mourn.

RECITATIVE.

Bards. Of temper sweet, of manners mild —

Virgins. She was a dear, an only child —

Bards. Such harmony his numbers blest'd —

Virgins. Such dignity her person grac'd —

Bards. Such majesty his lays attended —

Virgins. Such sov'reignty her mein befriended —

Bards. He was the tuneful sisters' boast —

Virgins. And of *St. Giles's* she the toast: —

Bards. 'Mongst wits he claim'd the highest post, —

Virgins. 'Mongst fairest nymphs she rul'd the roast. —

CHORUS OF PRIESTS, BARDS, and VIRGINS.

He was the tuneful sisters' boast,

And of *St. Giles's* she the toast;

'Mongst wits he claim'd the highest post,

'Mongst fairest nymphs she rul'd the roast,

DUETTO.

In one grave were never laid,

Such a BARD, and such a MAID.

CHORUS.

Britons, mourn! the loss deplore;

Wit and beauty are no more!

Where is now your country's boast?

Fled, alas! forever lost!

Never, never, to return!

Mourn, lamenting *Britons*, mourn!

Mourn your fate, your loss deplore;

Wit and beauty are no more!

